

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 159, Vol. 6.

November 13, 1858.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE TWO KINGS OF BRENTFORD.

WHAT good is Corfu to derive from Mr. GLADSTONE, or Mr. GLADSTONE from Corfu? To the question of *Cui bono?* or who is to profit by the appointment, Mr. DISRAELI probably considers that he can give a satisfactory answer. To buy off, or to seem to buy off, a dangerous rival or formidable opponent—effecting the purchase at the low price of a remote public interest—is a transaction entirely in the spirit of that political philosophy which is expounded in the pages of *Vivian Grey*. Yet those who study personal influences, and the characters on which they depend, may reasonably doubt whether the Ministry has not imposed a temporary ostracism on its most effective Parliamentary supporter. Nor is it at all improbable that, on his return, Mr. GLADSTONE may be anxious to prove to himself and to others that he has incurred no obligation to the party which he has for the moment consented to serve. It is also possible that the mission may result in the recommendation of a policy which no Government could propose without incurring the risk of immediate overthrow; and Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues may have to choose between their condemnation by the country and the implacable resentment of their powerful ally. The measure which has been adopted may, under either contingency, prove fatal to the politicians who have probably devised it under the exclusive influence of party considerations. The imprudent or dishonest publication of Sir JOHN YOUNG's despatch to Mr. LABOUCHERE, in the *Daily News* of yesterday, seems to indicate the intention of the Government to abandon the Protectorate of the smaller islands, and to retain Corfu in full sovereignty. It was perfectly right that a high functionary should forward a confidential recommendation to the Cabinet which employed him; but Mr. GLADSTONE's difficulties will be largely increased by the publicity which has been given to the scheme in question. Foreign nations will not fail to discover in it a new proof of English cupidity. The malcontents of Cefalonia will be supported by official authority in their intrigues for separation; and finally, Parliament on its meeting will be called upon to ascertain whether any English functionaries are interested in converting their anomalous tenure of office under the present system into a permanent position on the Colonial establishment.

Mr. GLADSTONE's paradoxical, or unexpected, determination to accept office under Lord DERBY has assuredly not arisen from any vulgar calculation of conscious selfishness. Romantic sympathy for a Church which he misunderstands, and for a race with which he has no practical acquaintance, an intelligible longing to escape for a time from party struggles at home, and an honourable ambition of acquiring fame in an untried career, may explain a course which seems equally at variance with public policy and with personal interest. The probable failure of all the hopes which have cheered his acceptance of office will concern Mr. GLADSTONE alone. A short acquaintance with Greek popes may perhaps dissolve his visions of Eastern orthodoxy, and if his belief in Greek patriotism survives half a dozen interviews with Ionian demagogues, he may boast himself the most cosmopolitan of English functionaries or statesmen. The erection of the outlying islands into Greek provinces, and the contemporaneous reduction of Corfu to the position of an English colony, may or may not be great achievements; but they must be performed in London, at Vienna, and at St. Petersburg, by Cabinets and Ambassadors, and not by the most eloquent High Commissioner who has visited Greece since the days of DEMOSTHENES. If the boundaries of the English Empire are to be drawn back from motives of convenience, the Government cannot devolve the responsibility of such a course on any delegate, political proselyte, or patronising ally.

There is considerable doubt whether the commission issued to Mr. GLADSTONE has any greater legal validity than that which might attach to the appointment of a High Chancellor Extraordinary to sit by Lord CHELMSFORD's side on the woolsack. The Treaty of 1815, with Austria, Russia, and Prussia, provides for the appointment of a High Commissioner whose functions are to be defined by Order in Council, and as long as Sir JOHN YOUNG holds the office, no intrusive dignitary has a right to share his titles or to exercise the smallest of his functions. Mr. GLADSTONE can neither summon the Assembly, nor assent to a law, nor give an order to the garrison, nor confirm the appointment of a policeman. If he attempts to encroach on the rights of his colleague he will commit a serious offence; and in an age of more stringent responsibility the Minister who tempted him to such acts would have incurred a certain risk of impeachment. Every Power which signed the treaty has a right to protest against the wanton violation of a definite national engagement. The Crown may appoint Commissioners for any purpose of negotiation or of inquiry; but unless the office is vacant, it has no right whatever to nominate, ordinarily or extraordinarily, a High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.

The impossibility of conciliating the local demagogues, or of removing their non-existent grievances, is fully explained in another portion of our columns; and there is too much reason to fear that Mr. GLADSTONE has resolved to support the measure which Sir JOHN YOUNG was overpersuaded into recommending in the summer of 1857. The late Government prudently suppressed the advice which is to furnish their successors with an excuse and a starting-point; and the more fully the project is considered, the more impolitic and impracticable will it be found. In 1814 the Ionian Islands were in want of an owner, not because the property was undesirable to neighbouring potentates, but on account of the jealousy with which each claimant regarded its rivals. France, which had for some time occupied the territory, was necessarily excluded from the competition, while Austria and Russia were equally determined to exclude each other from the possession of the keys of the Adriatic. CAPO D'ISTRIA, then ALEXANDER's favourite Minister—himself a Corfiote by birth and affection—persuaded Lord CASTLEREAGH to accept the Protectorate in the name of the British Crown, as the best mode of appeasing the jealousies which had arisen, and also as the most trustworthy security for the freedom and welfare of the Islands. The renunciation of the Protectorate in favour of Greece would involve a gross breach of faith to Austria, and the acquisition of Corfu as a territorial possession would assuredly provoke the just and implacable opposition of Russia and France. The project to which Sir JOHN YOUNG has unluckily affixed his name seems indeed to involve every objection which can apply to a political arrangement. It is inconsistent with a solemn treaty, it exposes England to the charge of unscrupulous ambition, and it entirely fails to obviate the difficulty which it is intended to overcome. If the smaller islands were surrendered to the Government of Athens, the factious clamour of the Corfiote demagogues would be converted into a reasonable demand. The inhabitants of the island have never been English subjects; they have a right to their own national flag; and they have the same affinities of race with their neighbours on the mainland, which are to be recognised in the case of Cefalonia and Zante. The proposed plan might have suggested to Russia, before the Crimean war, the parallel arrangement of abandoning her claims on Wallachia in consideration of annexing Moldavia to the Empire. If the kingdom of Greece had, under a wise Sovereign, known how to acquire strength and independence, it might have been possible and desirable to obtain the consent of the great Powers to the incorporation of the Septinsular Republic with the neighbouring State; but, under

present circumstances, England must hold the fortress of Corfu, and no tenure can be prudently devised except that which is provided by the treaty of Vienna. Not understanding these difficulties, or preferring a supposed party convenience to the national interests, the Ministers have gratuitously proclaimed to all the enemies of England that the grievances of the Ionian Islands are so real as to require the intervention of a leading Parliamentary statesman. Foreign Governments will not make allowance either for Mr. DISRAELI's recondite motives, or for that singular constitution of mind which renders Mr. GLADSTONE's political movements so impossible to foresee and so difficult to follow.

THE LETTER OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

THE *coup-d'état* at Lisbon has proved one of those barren victories which terminate in a defeat. The public opinion of Europe, upon which LOUIS NAPOLEON is happily not yet able to operate by *avertissement* or *deportation*, has loudly pronounced against the aggressor. This is the one defence which saves modern civilization from the fate which swallowed up the ancient world in the gulf of Imperialism. The empire of LOUIS NAPOLEON differs from that of NERO chiefly in this, that it does not embrace the *orbis terrarum*. There is an outer world in which his decrees have no power, and where his police cannot penetrate. Truth, justice, and virtue are not so delivered into his hand that he can sever their heads at a single stroke. He has betrayed, ensnared, and assassinated them at home, but they have champions and avengers abroad.

It is to the outraged justice of Europe that we owe the epistle to "my dear Cousin." We must be permitted to form our own appreciation of the assurance that "enterprises contrary to progress, humanity, and civilization will find no protection" in the man who has done more to arrest progress, to outrage humanity, and to suppress civilization than any ruler since the days of the later CÆSARS. It is something, however, to know that "the ideas" of the master of the French army are "far from being fixed" on the subject of the importation of Negroes to the same extent as on the deportation of Frenchmen. It is at least a satisfaction that Quashee has a better chance than M. DE MONTALEMBERT, and that the case of the native of Mozambique is "to be settled in accordance with those true principles of right and humanity" which are deemed inapplicable to the inhabitants of Paris. It seems that inquiry will be permitted whether the manacles of the cargo of the *Charles et Georges* were really imposed at their own request. We confess the exception appears to us somewhat arbitrary and eccentric, for we should have thought that an investigation of the practice of "free emigration" was at least as distinct an "impeachment of universal suffrage" as the discussion of the system of domestic government with which France is happily blessed. We can at all events, however, congratulate the "free emigrants" from the shores of France with which successive Ministers of the Interior have supplied the pleasant places of Cayenne, on the change of society which the inexhaustible clemency of the EMPEROR has prepared for them. As the *deportés* of the 2nd of December are principally persons of education, character, and respectability, they will probably find the Indian Coolies more intelligent, and certainly less disagreeable companions, than the black fellow-labourers with which the recent traffic of Mozambique has supplied them.

The necessity which LOUIS NAPOLEON has felt of retiring from the situation in which his own too successful violence had placed him, must be admitted to be a reassuring symptom for Europe. In the presence of the helpless submission of Portugal and the hitherto unexplained inaction of England, we were much in need of some substantial proof that there was anything, however violent and however unjust, which the Emperor of the FRENCH dared not attempt and could not accomplish. For the present at least, it does not suit his purpose to incur the unnecessary odium of openly restoring the Slave-trade. We must do LOUIS NAPOLEON the justice to say that he is not a spendthrift in his policy. He judiciously husband the resources of crime. Perfectly unscrupulous as to the means which he employs when he has an end to serve, he seldom commits the blunder of unnecessary atrocity. The prosecution of the Slave-trade offers no particular advantage, and he wisely makes a merit of abandoning it. Indeed, he had but little to concede, for the whole object of the stroke at Lisbon had been already accomplished. It had served his purpose

in respect of the only two moral influences (if such they may be called) to which his Government ever appeals. With the exception of pure force, he employs no other methods but the gratification of the vanity of the French nation, and the display in Europe of a predominant authority. These two things are the essential conditions of his rule, and to them we may be well assured he will sacrifice all that may be necessary. As long as French vanity is satisfied and Europe appears to be at his feet, so long his Empire is secure. It was from these considerations, quite as much as from any financial embarrassment, that LOUIS NAPOLEON determined to close the Russian war in the midst of the blaze of triumph which arose from the fall of the Malakoff. It was for this end that the parade of Cherbourg was conceived. It is on the same principle that the exploit of Lisbon was achieved. Whether it be the glory of the national arms, the terror of the national fortresses, or (as on this occasion) the "independence of the national flag" which is put forward, something—no matter how impolitic or how unjust—must be perpetually done to assert, in the presence of France and of Europe, that the French nation is the greatest nation on the earth. It may be said that this is no concern of ours; but he must indeed be a shallow observer who is disposed so to argue. Unfortunately, if there be one thing which more than another ministers to the vanity of Frenchmen, it is the real or apparent humiliation of England. This is the trump-card which LOUIS NAPOLEON always holds in reserve, and which he will play just as often as it is necessary or convenient. He played it at Lisbon, for his real end was accomplished when it was said throughout Europe that an insult had been offered to England by France, and that England had accepted that insult in silence. He succeeded at once in flattering French vanity, and intimidating European opinion, while he offered to the one the spectacle of unresisted force, and demonstrated to the other that when France comes into collision with a feeble State there is no Power in Europe which dares lend countenance and support to the oppressed.

It is from this point of view that we regard the language of Lord DERBY at the Guildhall as in the highest degree unsatisfactory and unworthy of his position. At a moment when the French Government have been putting forth statements grossly and notoriously inaccurate—when the honour and dignity of England are impeached and compromised throughout Europe—when we are accused by Portugal of treachery, and taunted on all sides with cowardice—we had a right to expect from the First Minister of the Crown an indignant and a formal refutation to imputations so injurious to our national reputation. Is the abandonment of Portugal denied, or is it justified? Neither the one nor the other. Instead of this, we are treated to some vague and senseless commonplaces on foreign affairs in general. Lord DERBY's creed on foreign policy seems to have been formed from the last speech of Mr. BRIGHT. He is all for "non-intervention in the affairs of other States." And he is very anxious to enforce the necessity of an "unwillingness to give or to take offence." Of course, it is not difficult to lay down abstract propositions of this sort which it is impossible to dispute. Yet we cannot fail to remark that, if Lord DERBY's theory is right, he impregably establishes Mr. BRIGHT's assertion that the whole traditional policy of England has been fundamentally wrong. We should like to know how, on his own principles, the PRIME MINISTER justifies the assent—and something more—which he accorded to the policy of the Russian war. The alliance with France to oppose an armed resistance to the attack on the independence of Turkey is referable to no one of the doctrines to which Lord DERBY restricts the legitimate action of the English Government. Is it true, then, that the Derbyite Administration has accepted, not merely the Reform Bill of Mr. BRIGHT, but the foreign policy of the Peace Society?

No man disputes, in the abstract, that it is a bad thing to be over ready to take offence, or that forgiveness of injuries is a Christian virtue. But people will not the less suspect the courage of a man who begins to preach a sermon on forbearance just at the moment when he has had his nose publicly pulled. There is a time for all things; and there may be occasions when the most amiable sentiments are singularly inappropriate. If the facts of the quarrel between the French Government and that of Portugal are such as, in the opinion of Lord DERBY, to acquit the Emperor of the FRENCH of the violence and injustice which are universally imputed to him, the proper and reasonable manner of

placing the conduct of the English Government on its right footing would have been to state the sentiments of the Administration, with such reserve as the occasion might have required. But considering the imputations which have been cast upon England, and the present state of popular feeling upon the subject, the evasive language of the PRIME MINISTER can only be regarded as a confirmation of the most injurious suspicions. A discourse against readiness to take offence seems to amount to an admission that an offence has been offered which we have not taken. And a homily against intervention in the affairs of foreign States can hardly be construed as anything else than an apology for the imputed abandonment of Portugal. But of all the incongruous passages in this singular oration, none is more inexplicably ill-timed than the eulogium upon the celebrated arbitration clause in the treaty of Paris. It is just at the moment when the authors of the proposition to refer all questions of international dispute to the decision of a neutral Power have themselves impudently refused to be bound by their own agreement, that Lord DERBY pronounces a panegyric simultaneously upon the principle of arbitration and upon the Power which has publicly laughed it to scorn. We learn from the Government organ that the English Cabinet formally proposed to the French to adopt the scheme of the Paris Conference in the Portuguese dispute, and we know also that that proposition was peremptorily rejected. In the face of such a rebuff, the language of Lord DERBY seems not only ridiculous but contemptible.

It is impossible that this grave matter can be permitted to rest on its present footing. The tone of the PRIME MINISTER, far from soothing the public disquietude or calming the just suspicions which have been aroused as to the conduct of the Government, is, on the contrary, calculated to confirm and to increase them. The speech at the Guildhall is not that of a man who is conscious of the goodness of his case, or easy as to the verdict which his conduct will receive. We recognise nothing but feebleness where we had a right to expect firmness, and a tone of apology where we should have looked for the language of remonstrance. When the words of Lord DERBY are compared with the acts of the French Government, there will be found too much to confirm the contemptuous and offensive interpretation which has been put by the Continental press upon the conduct of England in the recent transaction. Why an English squadron was sent into the Tagus, and what it did when it was there, Lord DERBY has not told us. Why an arbitration was proposed, and why, when it had been proposed, it was not insisted upon, we are not informed. We are sorry to say that we can find nothing in the Guildhall speech which will tend to disabuse Europe of the good-natured impression conveyed by the Continental press, that the fleet was despatched only with instructions not to arrive. This solution may be satisfactory to *Le Nord* and the *Univers*, but Lord DERBY will find, when Parliament meets, that he will have to render some better account of his stewardship to the English people.

A TORY REFORM BILL.

UNDER the auspices of Mr. DISRAELI we seem always to have something "looming in the future." Whether it be a "financial reorganization" which is to "indemnify the landed interest without detriment to the industrial classes," or a "political reconstruction" which is to "satisfy all parties," an imaginative CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is never at a loss for some taking programme to excite curiosity or to baffle opposition. Hitherto the most satisfactory thing about these schemes has been that they have met the fate for which they probably were originally destined—and which indeed they richly deserved—in perishing before they even came to the birth. The new project of a Tory Reform Bill is, however, a more serious business. It needs no Cassandra to foresee that a Conservative Government playing at reform may possibly prove a game with edge tools of which the authors will before long bitterly rue the consequences.

If the truth must be told, there has been a great deal of Bunkum, not to say of downright dishonesty, on all sides about this question of Reform. All parties in turn, and almost all politicians, have for several years past made it a practice to give vague pledges and hold out indistinct expectations on a subject in which it was obvious that they felt no very strong interest. Men may talk loosely enough, with tolerable security, about "liberal principles," "civil and religious liberty," and other stock pass-words, as to the precise meaning of which they

are not likely to be rigorously examined or seriously challenged. But a politician who pledges himself to a Reform Bill ought, in common honesty, to have made up his mind as to the existence of certain specific evils which he proposes to remedy, and as to the method by which he expects to cure them. So far, however, as we can discover, none of the various projectors who have hitherto handled this subject have formed any distinct idea of the evils against which a measure is to be aimed, or of the spirit in which its provisions are to be framed. Lord JOHN RUSSELL promises a Reform Bill just as he might announce another volume of the life of Mr. Fox, or an historical essay on JOHN HAMPDEN. Lord PALMERSTON, too, becomes a reformer in his old age, and undertakes to reconstruct the fabric of the Constitution in the same jaunty spirit in which he undertook to revolutionize the Indian Government. And now, to crown the whole, come the leaders of the Conservative party with their *charlatan* cry of a "Reform Bill to satisfy all parties."

The oddest part of the affair is, that while the political touters are bidding against each other at this mock auction, the public stands by with something very like indifference, and takes little or no part in the illusory competition. It seems to be conventionally assumed, on all hands, that the country is eagerly calling for a reconstruction of the representative system, and to some extent, no doubt, the promised supply of the article may have stimulated a certain factitious demand; but, in the main, the facts on which the current assumption rests are, as yet, neither very striking nor very conclusive. And it is in this listless and languid frame of the public mind that we are to be treated to an organic change in the Constitution by men who, it seems, will not only have to discover the remedy but, to judge by their antecedents, to invent the disorder. We own that we agree with Sir GEORGE LEWIS, "that those who at the present moment propose a measure of Parliamentary Reform must propose it with the view of remedying some distinct mischief, some defined political evil. They must have a distinct view of some evil which they propose to remove." The late CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, indeed, directs this remark against his immediate successor, but we should like to know how Sir GEORGE LEWIS would himself fulfil the conditions on which he insists. He was a leading member of a Cabinet which was pledged to produce a Reform Bill. What, we should like to know, was the "distinct mischief" of which Lord PALMERSTON's Administration had formed "a distinct view," and which they were prepared to remove. Sir GEORGE LEWIS correctly enough describes the necessity of the last Reform Bill as having arisen from the inadequate and incomplete representation of the opinion of the country in the House of Commons. If a similar deficiency were now discovered to exist, to any vexatious extent, and if the work had been left but half achieved in 1832, we should have at once an excellent reason for completing it. But this is not the ground on which Sir GEORGE LEWIS at least can be anxious for another Reform Bill, for he tells us that "it may now be fairly said that on all great questions the House of Commons for the most part fairly represents the general opinion of the country. It may not always be the faithful exponent of the opinions of particular persons, or even of particular districts, but looking at it generally, it is, I think, a very faithful exponent of the general sentiments of the country." On this point Sir GEORGE LEWIS holds an opinion diametrically opposed to that of Mr. BRIGHT, and one which we believe to be more consistent with the truth. But if this be so, we want to know what was the "distinct mischief," the "defined political evil" which Sir GEORGE LEWIS, and the Cabinet of which he was a member, were about to remedy by their projected measure. It is certainly a very anomalous and not a very creditable state of affairs, that a Conservative Ministry should be announcing an organic change which is to "satisfy all parties," while a conspicuous Liberal politician assumes that all parties are or ought to be satisfied. Everybody seems to be agreed that the village clock is to be pulled to pieces, not because it does not go well enough—for they all admit that it keeps time with very efficient accuracy—but because half-a-dozen rival churchwardens wish to have the job, and it is a good many years since the works were taken to pieces.

On one point we are very much disposed to agree with Sir G. LEWIS—namely, that in whatever sense, or in whatever shape, a Reform Bill may be introduced by the present or any other Government, it must and will in the end prove an advance "in the direction of democracy." It is on

this account that we hold Lord DERBY most gravely responsible, both to his own party and to the country at large—of which a real Conservative organization must always form an essential element—for having committed himself to a project which is intended only as a political card, but which may too possibly turn out a disaster. It is very easy for Mr. DISRAELI to fancy that, by a little dexterous manipulation, he may effect a Tory *coup de main* under the pretence of a Liberal Reform. He may be a very great juggler, but he will yet find, that it is not by juggling that he can feed his Radical allies on stones instead of bread, and serpents instead of fishes. The Derbyites may depend upon it that whatever scheme they may have projected in the hope that it may ultimately redound to their own advantage, their Bill will, before it leaves the House of Commons, have assumed the character of a “really democratic measure.” How far the Ministers may themselves be disposed to go, it is impossible, with the example before us of Mr. WALPOLE’S Militia Franchise and Lord ELLENBOROUGH’S town constituencies, even to conjecture. But, as we have observed, the original framework of the measure will be comparatively immaterial; for the present Government is too weak to exercise any effective control over such a question when it is once launched on the sea of public discussion. Mr. DISRAELI may propose, but it will assuredly be Mr. BRIGHT who will dispose.

Admitting that the time has arrived when it may be desirable that a revision of the electoral constitution should take place, it is nevertheless very hazardous that such a task should be undertaken by that which claims to be the Conservative party. In saying this, we are not protesting on behalf of political morality, or of any antiquated notions of principle or consistency—to which it would, indeed, be idle to appeal from a system which has for so many years been subject to inspirations drawn from the political conscience of Mr. DISRAELI. We speak only of the immediate practical results which must inevitably follow from this total revolution in the cast of the political drama. If the conduct of a Reform Bill had been undertaken by a Whig Government, the principles of the measure would have been subjected to all those modifications and checks which are so happily provided by our constitutional system. At a time when public opinion is singularly calm on the subject, a Conservative Opposition would have been able to exercise a powerful and wholesome influence in attempering and reconciling a necessary change to the spirit of existing institutions. There would have been a nucleus of stability and resistance, which, though not so obstinate as to impede all movement, would have furnished a salutary check on mere theoretical projects of symmetrical reconstruction. Introduced in such a manner, and discussed in such a spirit, a Reform Bill would have left the walls of Parliament less sweeping in its provisions, but more adapted to the real wants of the country, than it came from the hands of its authors. But, as it is certain that a Whig Reform Bill would have emerged from the ordeal of Parliamentary discussion with Conservative amendments, so it is equally inevitable that the Derbyite Reform Bill will be largely modified, in a “democratic” sense, before it passes into law. The Whigs, who would have been disposed to do little enough in the way of change if the initiative had been left to themselves, will be compelled, by the necessities of the situation, to outbid the rivals who have sought to take the bread out of their mouths. In order to preserve any colour to the title of Liberals, they will have to swallow the extremest dogmas of the most advanced Radicalism. Thus the movement-party itself may be impelled into a more headlong speed at the very moment when the drag-chain which Conservatism ought to have applied, will be wholly removed. The probable results it is not difficult to conjecture. We fear that, before we have done with the Derbyite Reform Bill, it will have produced a state of things which the advocates of unmitigated “democracy” may admire, but which the true friends of liberty will have much occasion to deplore. At the same time, however, the greater the risk the greater will be our good fortune if, by some extraordinary concatenation of accidents, Lord DERBY should succeed in proposing a wise and statesmanlike measure.

THE PRUSSIAN REGENCY.

THE relations and motives of Prussian parties are little understood in England, but there is reason to believe that in the selection of his new Ministry the REGENT has satisfied the moderate and intelligent portion of his country-

men. The chief of the Cabinet is a soldier and a nobleman allied to the reigning family. General VON BONIN acquired popularity by his dismissal from office some years since in obedience to the demands of Russia. One of his colleagues was employed in the establishment of the present constitution, and it is understood that Baron VON BUNSEN is prepared to give the Ministry a cordial support. In the absence of revolutionary agitation and of diplomatic embarrassment, the Prince of PRUSSIA commences his career as sovereign with many advantages, notwithstanding the inconvenience which may attach to a delegated power. The mistakes and failures of the reign which has now virtually closed have happily not alienated the affection of the people from the Royal House. It is generally felt that the KING was sincerely anxious to promote the welfare of his subjects, and his errors in judgment offer obvious warnings to his less ingenious and more straightforward successor. Germans ought least of all men to regard with intolerance the foibles of a literary theorist unluckily placed on a throne. FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. only attempted to realize in action doctrines which would have made the reputation of half-a-dozen University Professors. He wished to be at the same time an Old-German patriot, a King by divine right, a supporter of aristocratic independence, a benevolent promoter of popular franchises, and a chivalrous ally of the Court which took advantage of a family connexion to control his external and domestic policy by skilful flattery of his prejudices. Although fine sentiments and complicated intellectual processes resulted in a commonplace bureaucratic Government, there is still a wide distinction between a framer of abortive philanthropic schemes and a vulgarly selfish despot; and the PRINCE REGENT, if he succeeds in developing the liberal institutions of Prussia, will be respected for continuing, and not for reversing, the serious intentions of his brother.

Many of the Royal impulses and fancies coincided with the teaching of the most authoritative philosophical speculators, and even with popular traditions and desires; but the KING was always defective in the tact and common-sense which instinctively distinguish practicable objects from empty dreams. At one period of his life, he was strongly inclined to gratify his own ambition and that of his countrymen by assuming the Imperial Crown of Northern Germany; but when prudence had prevailed over the desire of aggrandizement, he felt, or affected, exaggerated scruples against interference with his weaker neighbours. His internal policy was prompted by a general desire to organize a constitutional system; but it was hampered by an inconsistent determination to preserve his own irresponsible authority, and complicated by inapplicable theories of the necessity of maintaining aristocratic privileges. The bookish instructors of his youth had inspired him with a well-founded horror of Jacobinism, and with a just historical appreciation of the English Constitution; but neither tutor nor pupil understood that, in founding Prussian liberty, it was necessary to take the Prussian people into council. The *Junkers* of Preussen and Pomerania ought perhaps to furnish materials for a House of Lords; but unfortunately they have no hold on the respect or affection of the nation, and consequently, instead of forming an order in the State, they are only regarded as a selfish and unpopular faction. The odium which they have incurred of late years has in a great degree arisen from their interested encouragement of the KING’S personal crotchets in religion and in foreign policy. A government by provincial barons, allied with dilettanti Pietists, and practically controlled by Russian diplomatists, would have involved all the elements which are most intolerable to Prussian feelings and opinions.

It is important to observe, notwithstanding the loose declamations of those who have attacked the policy of Prussia, that, whatever might be the inclination of the KING, he never succeeded in bringing the *Kreuz-Partei* into power. His romantic aspirations ended in an administration by police functionaries, who extended their private supervision over the Court, and probably even over their master himself. Conciliating the KING by the adoption of his foreign policy and the consequent sacrifice of the national independence, and leaving the religious party to occupy themselves in barren Court intrigues, the Ministers were contented with power and patronage, and with the restriction of Parliamentary interference within the narrowest limits. BARON MANTEUFFEL and his colleagues, at the commencement of the Eastern negotiations, were decidedly opposed to the pretensions of Russia, and if they had persevered in their original policy, they would probably have obviated the necessity of a war; but they

preferred submission to the party of the Cross, which suspected and despised them, to a collision with the prejudices of the KING.

It is a curious instance of retributive justice, that the late Cabinet has been frequently identified with the faction which often threatened its existence, and which caused the death of one of its members. The revived scandal relating to the official theft of letters written by the KING's confidential servants, explains the relations which really existed between the Camarilla and the Cabinet. A police spy, employed by MANTEUFFEL and HINCKELDEY to collect information at Potsdam, stole several letters from the private secretary, NIEBUHR, and from the KING's favourite adviser, General VON GERLACH; and there can be little doubt that the Minister took this singular method of guarding against the machinations of the *Kreuz-Parthei*. MARCUS NIEBUHR inherited from his father a dislike to liberal institutions, and an inclination to rely on Russian support; and GERLACH was a still more prominent advocate of despotism at home and of subservience abroad. The strong measure of purloining their correspondence showed the distrust entertained by the Ministers; and the tragic occurrence which soon after followed, proved that the aristocratic Court faction was not behind in antipathy to the members of the Government. It was professedly as the organ of the young nobility that ROCHOW challenged and killed the Police Director, HINCKELDEY, and the KING had not the firmness to avenge the crime which he undoubtedly regretted. With the bureaucracy fixed in office, with the oligarchy and the friends of Russia dominant at Court, it is not surprising that the country regarded the two reigning factions with common and indiscriminate aversion. The Prince of PRUSSIA has caused universal satisfaction by his summary rejection of both the rival influences. The first wish of the nation is perfect independence, not only because the honour of Prussia requires free action abroad, but from experience of the habitual interference of foreign Courts with the domestic policy of the country. It was well known that the extension of Parliamentary influence was long prevented by the jealousy of NICHOLAS as much as by the timidity of FREDERICK WILLIAM himself; and when General VON BONIN truly declared that an alliance with Russia would be an act of treason, his dismissal excited general indignation as a proof of unworthy deference. The removal of BUNSEN from the embassy of London was attributed to the same influence, and foreign counsels would have been justly odious even if they had led to beneficial results.

Fortunately, England has no interest in the question beyond a general sympathy in the greatness and prosperity of Prussia. It is desirable that the Power which is interposed between France and Russia should be vigorous enough to discourage aggression on either frontier; nor is there any portion of Europe which appeals as strongly as Northern Germany to those English sympathies which depend on race, on language, and on religion. Prussia has outgrown the age of simple monarchy, and happily has thus far escaped the dominion of the multitude. If the Prince of PRUSSIA can strengthen the Crown by the active co-operation of the more intelligent classes in the Government, he may hereafter share with the GREAT ELECTOR, with FREDERICK WILLIAM I., and with FREDERICK II., the fame which justly belongs to the founders of powerful States.

THE PRESS AND THE EMPIRE.

WE are glad to learn that M. DE MONTALEMBERT is not to stand alone in the struggle which he has adventured for freedom of thought and liberty of speech. It is no more than we should have expected of the men of letters in France, that, as they share his convictions, they should also be prepared to partake his dangers. The favourite topic of the apologists of the Empire both in France and in England—for we are ashamed to say that there are not wanting even in this country writers who are capable of defaming the liberty they abuse—has always been that the system of repression which LOUIS NAPOLEON has established is essential to the existence of society, and that those who are hostile to his Government are the enemies of all order and of all law. The changes have been so many upon this theme that the hymns in honour of the "Saviour of Society" must, we should think, almost have sickened even the venal devotees. As long as the sycophants of despotism could keep before the eyes of a panic-stricken *bourgeoisie* the bugbear of "the abyss," they might hope to reconcile them to actual evils which

seemed more tolerable in comparison with a fancied danger. This is, indeed, the keystone to that gigantic *charlatanerie* which is called the Imperial system. It traffics on the terrors of its subjects as a quack trades on the nervousness of his patient by exaggerating a malady which probably does not exist, and which certainly he has done nothing to alleviate. It is for this object that the police are perpetually occupied in fabricating imaginary plots, and that the hacks of the official press are never tired in descanting on fictitious convulsions.

Nevertheless, all these arts of forgery and imposture have never succeeded in altering the very significant and alarming fact, that the most determined, the most formidable, and the most irreconcilable opponents of the existing system in France are to be found in the educated, the intelligent, and the respectable section of the community. By the aid of his army and his police, LOUIS NAPOLEON can deal easily enough with the Secret Societies and the Socialist agitations; but there is a class which his bayonets cannot reach, and which his police dare not meddle with—the sober, thoughtful men who have the interests of order at least as much at heart as the hero of Boulogne, and who probably understand a good deal better than he does the principles on which alone it can be permanently secured. It is notorious that the only portion of the French press which is respectable by its character or ability is in avowed hostility to the Government. Perhaps there are in Europe no two journals which can rival, in their several ways, the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and both are as much the friends of order as they are the enemies of the Empire. They have hitherto existed only by a policy of silence and abstinence, which has been hardly less resented than a noisy resistance by a Government not insensible to their contempt. The columns of the *Débats* are a daily and silent protest against a system which makes political discussion impossible. It replies with a quiet but irritating disdain to the safe insults of the official parasites, and reports, with a significant abstinence from comment, the cruel panegyrics of the Government hacks. An elaborate discussion of Chinese statistics, or of Indian mythology, forms the cautious but poignant satire on the promulgation of some new decree which strikes a fresh blow at liberty of opinion. In short, the *Débats* is to the Government just what a virtuous and enduring wife is to a drunken and brutal husband—a perpetual source of self-reproach and irritation.

The opposition of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has not been less persistent, nor, if possible, less galling. Almost all those eminent men whose public life has been extinguished by the Empire, but the recollection of whose brilliant abilities still keeps alive in Europe the political reputation of their country, have lavished on that favoured journal the resources of their varied acquirements. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has thereby deservedly attained perhaps the highest reputation which a periodical publication has ever won. But its literary character has not sufficed to defend it from the persecutions of a Government which discovered in its reticence a want of sympathy which it could neither conquer nor endure. Every writer in the *Revue* is treated as an avowed enemy of the State, and Professors in the University have been compelled to resign their chairs as the price of their adhesion to a publication against which Imperialism has conceived so mortal a hatred. It was no more permitted to M. VILLEMAIN to criticise the Government of the Roman CÉSARS than to M. DE MONTALEMBERT to praise the free institutions of England. In fact, such is the persecution to which the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has been subjected, that for some months it has been in contemplation to remove its place of publication out of France. If that necessity shall be ultimately imposed upon it, no more striking refutation could be presented to the eyes of Europe of the falsehood that it is against the foes of order and of society that the Empire wages war. It is material that these facts should be borne in mind, in order that we may estimate at its just value the boldness of the language on which M. FORCADE has ventured in the fortnightly political review which has appeared from his pen in the current number of that journal. He disclaims the imputation, which the Government are so ready to fling at their opponents, that the desire which they express for liberty of discussion is only the fruit of a mischievous turbulence. "The liberal cause," he has the courage to say, "involves both the national honour and the security of society. Liberty is a question of honour for France, for there could be no deeper humiliation for our country than

"to permit herself to be persuaded that she is radically incapable of participating in her own government by the regular and complete exercise of political liberty. But liberty is equally for us a question of social security, for the security of a people in fact depends on its aptitude for self-government. There are hours in the history of peoples the most subdued and the most docile when the government breaks down in the hands of a single mortal, and when it can only be reconstructed by the intelligence of a whole people. Even if we had in view only the inevitable eventualities in the course of human affairs, is it not manifest that the best preparation for these critical situations is the practice of liberty among the people? We are far removed from the time when the principle of authority seemed to descend like a religion from above, and to have, like it, its mysteries. The *arcana regni* has been long ago detected and exposed by philosophers and men of letters, and no longer exists in the midst of the industrial and commercial society of the nineteenth century. A people which, having rights, should not exercise them—which should neglect the study of its interests, should abandon the superintendence of its affairs, and refuse to give to its Government the intelligence and inspiration which it alone can furnish—such a people would cast itself headlong upon its decline, and would, before long, be punished for its remissness by protracted agitations and grievous disasters. These are the consequences which we should dread from the restriction, if prolonged beyond measure, of certain of our liberties. The political education of France is, unhappily, already but too imperfect; of that the sad events of our revolutions sufficiently assure us. It is new dangers and new faults that we would anticipate when we demand with anxiety that those obstacles should be removed which still retard the political apprenticeship so necessary for our country. The sentiment which actuates us would not be misunderstood if people would only take account of the symptoms which announce that our uneasiness is shared by a great number of the most disinterested minds in France."

The demand of M. FORCADE can hardly be characterized, even by the sycophants of the Empire, as extravagant. He sees even in the prosecution of M. DE MONTALEMBERT the dawn of a better state of things. All he asks for the Press is a fair trial. He, and those who think with him, are prepared to accept the issue, if they are only permitted to plead their cause. But this is a challenge which LOUIS NAPOLEON dare not take up. He cannot venture to try the Press—his only resource is to strangle it. The mutes of the Minister of the Interior are armed only with the bow-string. We know no more fatal symptom of the hopeless insecurity of the EMPEROR's rule than the fact that he has felt himself compelled to encounter this calm and just appeal of M. FORCADE, not by a prosecution, but by an *avertissement*. A Government which is obliged to suppress such men and such sentiments by such arts is irrevocably doomed. The *avertissement* of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives us precisely the gauge of the moral situation of the Empire. Six years of successful usurpation have given it neither courage nor confidence. It remains to-day what it was on the morrow of the 2nd December—nothing more than a lucky conspiracy, which has struck no root into the minds of the people, but exists only by the same violence on which it was founded.

IRELAND, PAST AND PRESENT.

NO one can yet have quite forgotten Old Ireland—the Ireland that moved the souls of statesmen, and baffled the efforts of philanthropists—that grovelled on in filth and wretchedness, half wilful, half pitiable—that gave curses for gratitude, and shot down all who presumed to improve on her traditional ways—whose words rivalled the ferocity of Red Republicans, and whose most heroic deeds rose just to the level of assassination. Every one must still remember the Ireland of O'CONNELL, and SMITH O'BRIEN, and MEAGHER of the Sword (that never was drawn)—the country where a threatened war of extermination, to be waged with pikes, and scythes, and vitriol bottles, and all the desperate resources of a down-trodden race, ended in a flight from a cabbage-garden before a handful of police—the holy island, where a faithful peasantry was ready to kill by the job at 5s. a-head—the land of Ribbonmen and Orangemen, where no one except a murderer flying from justice could rely on his

neighbour's fidelity, where religion was made the pretext for bloodshed, and treachery and turbulence were rewarded by retributive ruin and starvation.

It would be a dismal creed to believe that Ireland, having changed from what she was a dozen years ago to what she is now, can ever retrace her steps and return to her old barbarism. We see the transformation, and talk of it, but it is too near to be as yet half appreciated. Perhaps no visitation less than famine and pestilence could have brought it about. History shows no example of such a change. Forget for a moment the crimes of the last few days, and there is absolutely nothing left to recall the gloom that hung over the land without interruption from the date of the earliest Irish annals down to the time of the famine and the exodus. Every year since 1847 has witnessed a rapid growth in prosperity and material improvement. Lands better tilled—wealthy proprietors in place of bankrupt squireens—farmers buying with their savings the land on which they lived—railways that not only accommodate the people but even remunerate the shareholders who have paid for them—trade rapidly advancing, and at the same time sound enough to bear without serious injury the shock of the crisis which was felt so heavily here—fresh enterprises starting up at a time when England seems to have lost some of her commercial courage, and neglected Galway threatening to rival, perhaps some day to eclipse, Liverpool as the great Transatlantic port—these are the signs of what Ireland is, and is to be. And yet, in the midst of this prosperity, which has called forth the heartiest congratulations of England, come the old accounts of secret associations and cowardly assassinations, with all the aggravations that have made Irish outrage a thing not to be compared with the crimes of more civilized countries.

If these two outrages—the murder of Mr. ELY and the attempt on the life of Mr. NIXON—had been isolated crimes, they might easily be paralleled, here or elsewhere. But they have all the unmistakable symptoms that belong only to Irish violence. They are heralded by a fresh organization of Ribbonism. The first of them is committed in broad daylight, and the people sympathize with the assassin, or connive at his escape. It is supposed that hired murderers were brought from a distance to give a helping hand to local revenge; and, what is more characteristic than all, a newspaper which affects to be the special organ of the people publishes an article with the pleasant heading, "Not shot dead," and points the moral of the story by giving currency to hearsay calumnies of the man who has been shot, and inventing palliatives for the cold-blooded crime of his murderers. These are just the circumstances that always used to accompany Irish outrage, and however reluctant one may be to acknowledge it, the symptoms of the old disease are too clear to admit of a doubt as to its identity. Such a relapse needs to be met as promptly as the first indications of an epidemic. Ireland, it is true, is in a state in which the virus can scarcely spread as it did years ago. Lean conspirators are scarcer than they were. Destitution of the genuine Hibernian type has almost disappeared. The habit of violence and crime has for some years past lost much of its savage energy; and though the old bloodthirstiness is evidently not quite eradicated, it must be easier to deal with than when it seemed to be almost a national passion. There are other grounds for hoping that it may be possible to put a speedy check upon this relapse into evil. The murder press, instead of absorbing nearly all the journals of the country, is now represented by the *Nation* alone. The priests are said to be using their influence against the Ribbon Associations, and though their power may be less overwhelming than it was when a worse use was made of it, it is no small gain to have it enlisted, with apparent sincerity, in the cause of society. But the best safeguard against the insolence of crime in any country is the detestation with which it is regarded; and in spite of the indifference or complicity of the peasantry among whom these recent murders have been committed, it is incredible that some progress should not have been made of late years towards that wholesome abhorrence of assassination which, in England, seldom fails to lead to the detection of the guilty. Every man's hand in Ireland was once said to be against the law, instead of against the murderer; but the number of those whose sympathies have grown more human during the last few quiet and prosperous years cannot be inconsiderable. It is only for a very short time that an Irishman has had a country of which he needed not to be ashamed, and there must be many who are sufficiently conscious of this to set their faces resolutely against the excesses

which once disgraced them. The lower and merely selfish consideration, that the material prosperity of a country depends on the maintenance of tranquillity, and, above all, on the security of life, may be still more effectual. Irishmen are shrewd enough, and the political economy which they have studied in a sharp school has won many converts since the time when agrarian outrage was accepted as the inevitable condition of Irish life, even by those who did not regard it as a wholesome check on the abuse of proprietary rights. Every influence, in fact, which can discourage conspiracy and murder has grown stronger, while the forces on the other side have as palpably dwindled. The recent instances of agrarian crime (if it be agrarian) may prove that those who measured the moral progress of Ireland by her external improvement were over sanguine, but they afford no ground for despair, nor even for serious alarm. The atmosphere of the country will not support Ribbonism and organized assassination as it once did. Without oppression and misery to foster them, such abnormal excrescences on society must waste away, as a fungus refuses to grow in a drained and cultivated soil; nor are they the less certainly doomed to disappear, though it has unfortunately proved to be a mistake to regard them as already eradicated.

A LESSON FROM LAMBETH.

LAMBETH and Birmingham are furnishing—each in its own way—their several contributions to the coming Reform Bill. Mr. BRIGHT has volunteered to tell us what to do—Mr. WILLIAMS has performed the humbler task of showing us what to avoid. Mr. BRIGHT has perhaps sagacity enough to make his Bill less offensive than his speeches, but he will scarcely succeed with his mission so well as Mr. WILLIAMS has done with his. The warning of that speech at Lambeth is full of instruction to those who are willing to interpret it. It exhibits, more faithfully than any description could convey, the sort of dangers to which an injudicious Reform would lead. He must be a very ardent Reformer indeed who can think without a shudder of a House filled with members of the type that Lambeth loves. There is, indeed, nothing more than ordinarily objectionable about Mr. WILLIAMS's last address. It is a rather mild example of the stereotyped speech in which metropolitan members are accustomed to unfold themselves. It simply exhibits Mr. WILLIAMS as he is, but that should be enough to warn the projectors of Reform Bills to develop as little as possible the element of vulgar self-sufficiency in the House.

The greatest danger to be guarded against in any Reform is not the supposed democratic tendencies of those who are now unfranchised, but the risk of multiplying members whose only object seems to be to bring rational economy into disrepute by consistently voting for a reduction of everything, without regard to the needs of the public service or the especial demands of the time. The maximum of Reform with the minimum of WILLIAMSES is the desideratum, and the Bill which comes nearest to this standard will reflect the greatest credit on the ingenuity of its authors. However desirable it may be to confer the dignity of the franchise upon a larger class of the population than is now permitted to enjoy it, it is not less important to maintain the character of the House of Commons at least at its present level. A Reform Bill that sacrificed the House to the constituencies would be worse than none at all; and though it may be hoped that even a large extension of the franchise might not lead to the election of inferior representatives, it is by no means certain that a re-distribution of seats according to the notions of numerical proportion which are in favour with the extreme party would not give an overwhelming accession of strength to that section of the House which has the smallest claim to respect. Perhaps even the common sense of Lambeth or the Tower Hamlets would be shocked if the principles avowed by their representatives should ever become paramount in the House of Commons. It tickles their ears to hear that millions are squandered every year by a self-seeking aristocracy; but if the army and navy were really reduced as low as Mr. WILLIAMS affects to desire, his constituents might not be the last to cry out for more adequate protection against the possibilities of invasion. There is in truth a strong flavour of dishonesty about these professional economists. No public man would better deserve an audience than one who should be able to point out how the public service could be carried on with equal efficiency and at less expense; but nothing

can be more transparently fallacious than the comparison in which Mr. WILLIAMS and a few better men delight, between the present and some former scale of military expenditure.

Mr. WILLIAMS told his constituents that the army and navy estimates, which, under Sir ROBERT PEEL, had once been as low as 11,570,000*l.*, rose under Lord PALMERSTON to 22,522,000*l.*, and were even now but little less. If the statement had any honest meaning, it must have been intended to imply that the expenditure on the army and navy might safely be reduced to its former amount, and that the excess must be ascribed to the thoughtless or corrupt extravagance of Ministers on both sides of the House. Lambeth evidently understood it in this sense, to judge from the cry of shame in which its indignation was expressed. But Mr. WILLIAMS knew, we presume, not only that that year of low expenditure entailed vastly increased cost to fill up the deficiencies which it left, but that the development of the power of steam has since then called for the reconstruction of our whole navy at an enormous expense. He knew, too, that the means of attack, and especially of sudden attack, had enormously increased, and that an armament which would have made us safe twenty years ago would now be no protection at all. But the contrast of 11,000,000*l.* with 220,000,000*l.* was far too telling to be spoiled by any qualifying admissions, and Mr. WILLIAMS, no doubt, found it much more satisfactory to let his constituents believe that, if his advice had not been rejected, the country would have been equally safe at one-half of the cost which has been incurred. The arguments by which he professed to prove that there were no special grounds for keeping up an increased force show that the speaker must either have given his constituents credit for an amazing amount of dulness, or have been largely gifted in that way himself. LOUIS NAPOLEON, he said, was too clever a man to neglect his interest, and there never was a sovereign upon the throne of France whose inclination and interest were so much in favour of peace. Granting the truth of this, it is not less certain that, since the time of the first NAPOLEON, there never was a ruler of France who held the forces of the country so absolutely at his own will to launch them when he pleased against any of his neighbours. The preparation that would suffice against a friendly country of freemen may be very inadequate as a safeguard against an absolute monarch. But the obvious answer to all speculations about the interests or inclinations of foreign Emperors is simply that we must have some better reliance than the inclinations of the most friendly, or the interests of the most selfish, of our neighbours. It is agreeable to think that no one desires or intends to attack us, but it is at least as important to know that no one can do so with a chance of success.

The climax of the reasoning which sufficed for a Lambeth audience was the argument by which all fears about Cherbourg were scattered to the winds. Why should we fear Cherbourg when we had voted 59,000 sailors and marines, and had in the army, militia, and yeomanry, 220,000 men for the defence of Great Britain and Ireland, without reckoning the 92,000 troops in India, or the regiments on colonial service? There certainly is something reassuring in these figures, especially as their general accuracy seems to be confirmed by the statements of General PEEL and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON at the Guildhall, but what can exceed the impudence of a man who says almost in the same breath that our safety against threatening preparations consists in the forces we are able to muster, and that those forces—or, what is the same thing, the estimates for them—ought to be reduced one half? Cherbourg is not to be feared because our army is strong—therefore the army ought to be reduced because Cherbourg is not to be feared. Economy backed by reasons of this kind is the merest imposture, and whatever may be the character of the promised Reform Bill, it is to be hoped that it will not deluge the House with any more copious infusion of economical quackery. The concluding sentence of Mr. WILLIAMS's speech, which was devoted to Reform, has abundant significance when coupled with the policy which had just been proclaimed. It recorded the fact that seven metropolitan constituencies, returning only sixteen members, have an aggregate population equal to that of 194 other constituencies which are represented by 285 members. The inference suggested was the necessity of a vast increase in the metropolitan representation. The sounder moral may be that if speeches in the manner of the member for Lambeth are to be, eschewed, a re-arrangement of seats, based mainly on population, might prove a rather mischievous experiment.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS AND MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S new character of High Commissioner Extraordinary to the Ionian Islands is a fertile theme for speculation. Its significance as a mission accepted at the hands of Lord Derby's Government, and removing for the time a dangerous rival, a dubious friend, or an open enemy from Mr. Disraeli's proximity in Parliament, will be to many its principal interest. Those whose view is not wholly centred on the occupancy of the various benches of St. Stephen's, and to whom the relations between England and one of her most troublesome and anomalous possessions are a matter of serious reflection, will feel more curiosity as to the probable result of his labours in regard to the Ionians themselves. The proverbial indifference of the English nation to all that does not happen at home will at least be startled out of its ordinary sleepiness by hearing that a Parliamentary statesman of Mr. Gladstone's position and character has thought it worth while to undertake, between business hours, the pacification of that disaffected little people. Whatever triumphs he may achieve in conquering for the protecting State the affection, or even the toleration, of the protected, will be a source of sincere congratulation for all who are jealous for the estimation in which Great Britain is held in the Eastern waters of the Mediterranean. But we cannot say that we look forward sanguinely to his effecting any such triumphs at all; and his mission in itself appears to us to indicate a misconception of the Ionian difficulty on the part of the Government which has sent him.

The Malta Commission of Messrs. Lewis and Austin, which probably is regarded in the Colonial Office as the most applicable precedent, had to deal with circumstances of a very different order. The Maltese people, whose main population and chief interests lie almost within the lines of the great fortresses of Valetta—who were allured to no other Continental Power by contiguity or alliance of blood, language, and religion—who formed an integral part of the British empire, and were governed after the manner of most of our colonial fellow-subjects in those days, by an old General, a Secretary, a nominated Council, and the backstairs influence of a few native officials—uttered a partly factitious but not absolutely unreasonable cry for a reformation of purely internal abuses, and for admittance to a larger share in their own government. Except for the factious obstinacy of the extreme clerical party, which might perhaps have preferred the Catholic sway even of Naples to the heretical rule of England, disloyalty did not exist among the Maltese. Whatever practical abuses the Commissioners succeeded in discovering were speedily rectified; and the representative institutions subsequently granted, though productive of some inconvenience in the working, have not entirely failed in their object. Lord Grey's prescription for Malta, if it has not done much good, has, on the other hand, not done much harm. As much cannot be said for the liberal institutions with which Lord Seaton needlessly and heedlessly overdid the Ionians. They were at once more dangerous in extent, and conferred upon more dangerous recipients. Not merely the native fineness of the modern Greek character, but the contiguity to their brethren of the mainland, and the vanity of nominally belonging to the great Hellenic race, rendered the inhabitants of the Seven Islands peculiarly liable to abuse the license given them. The administration of their own municipal revenues by the hands of their own elected officers—the liberty of choosing by household suffrage a Legislative Assembly endowed with the principal control of the State expenditure—and practically, through the inordinate toleration of the other constituent parts of the Legislature, the faculty of passing almost any laws whatever which are not too glaringly unjust or absurd—have not appeased their thirst for liberty. Until their so-called national sentiments are gratified at the expense of their material and moral well-being—until they form part of the great Greek kingdom, which they believe to be now moulding itself together, and of which the metropolitan city shall not be Athens, but Constantinople—this thirst, artificial or natural, will never be satisfied. The offence of the English Government in the Ionian Islands is its existence at all. Insult upon insult offered to the English name, intrigue upon intrigue perpetrated at once against, and under the shadow of, the Protection—with the object of publishing and extending at no cost and little danger, this feeling of Panhellenism, and wearying or inveigling the British Government into concession after concession—have been the chief return made for our experimentalizing liberalism. Every Ionian Parliament since 1849 has experienced the gratification of perpetrating some insolence against the Constitution under which it has been called together; and each High Commissioner has uniformly answered by the easiest palliative within his reach—endurance for the legal minimum of session, and prorogation for the legal maximum of recess.

Since their flagrant outburst in July, 1857, the Ionian Parliament has been in continued vacation. Another session, and consequently another *pronunciamento*, falls due next March. But in the forced inactivity of patriotic legislators, the rightful protagonists of the Ionian political melodrama, the stage has not been unoccupied. The Corfu Municipal Council has embraced every possible opportunity of disputing the title and resisting the overbearing domination of the foreigner. In the pursuit of Hellenic popularity and the loaves and fishes dependent on a future re-election, it continues, at the shortest intervals, to repeat the performance of "dying upon the floor" as protesting martyrs.

The last notorious exhibition of this kind seems to have occurred during the periodical excursion round the city of the relics of St. Spiridon, the patron saint of Corfu. The municipal officers improved the occasion by ostentatiously breaking off from the solemn procession at the moment when the saint was about to pronounce, through his clerical interpreter, his customary blessing on the supreme Government. His simpler worshippers probably returned from the spectacle with an increased respect for the conscientious little band of official martyrs who had dared to revile their own Fetish for unworthy truckling. The protest against an idol for showing civility to the constituted authorities is not so ridiculous in Corfu as it might appear in England. It is a flourish of trumpets at the dead-lock at which things are arriving.

How much of the Ionian enthusiasm for the substitution of Otho for Victoria—for union in free and wild Hellenic brotherhood, in lieu of the "flesh-pots of Egypt" at home and the protection of British consuls abroad—is genuine, and how much artificial, we believe it would be difficult for the most honest among the Ionians themselves to answer. But whether the sincere Rizospasts be few or many, and whether the cry of nationality be not unfrequently raised, and the delusion of oppression sedulously propagated, for the ends of the lowest personal intrigue alone, it is beside the purpose to inquire too closely. Unsatisfied national vanity feeds upon itself, and grows with what it feeds on. That this vanity is among the most prominent features of the modern Greek character few eastern travellers will deny. That in the Ionian Islands it stands in such open and inveterate opposition to the present political relations and necessities of the country as to reproduce and spread itself by the provocation of its own discontent, is patent to the most casual observer. That by a careless or shilly-shallying policy—chequered with indiscriminating, and not always moral, attempts at conciliation by throwing the burden of the power and action of Government on the shoulders of our *protégés* and off our own—we have disheartened the most honest of our own partisans, encouraged the so-called national feeling against ourselves as a barbarian incubus, and done our best to increase our own difficulty, may not be equally obvious, but it is equally true.

Beyond the ascertained fact that this species of disaffection does for some reason and to some degree exist, Mr. Gladstone will find it difficult to advance with any reliable certainty. His very mission, and even his reputation, will be in the way of his arriving at any truth whatever. The intimate knowledge which he gained for himself of the prison-system of Naples, by personal visitation in secrecy and disguise, would have been absolutely unattainable if he had turned upon the dungeon doors the officially accredited light of a policeman's lantern. The High Commissioner in ordinary residence has at any rate the necessary relations of doing business with the Ionians to guide his appreciation of their character, though his hands may be tied by circumstances in dealing with them. The High Commissioner Extraordinary, with the anomalous and questionable jurisdiction implied in the title—not carrying on responsible government himself, but investigating the alleged grievances or defects of government as actually carried on—will have not only his hands tied, but his eyes blindfolded, or will see through coloured spectacles. "Ο περίφημος Γλάδσταυ" (as the Greek journals will call him), of European notoriety as a statesman and a scholar, heralded by a panegyric in the *Times* as so devout a worshipper of Greek literature and philosophy that he will infallibly be a little blind to the faults, and very kind to the virtues, of the Ionians, will see at first little beyond whatever phantasmagoric pageant official ingenuity or the mutable subtlety of the so-called leading Ionians may be pleased to show him. He will see "things made pleasant," or difficulties made irreconcilable, as fate and they shall lead him. Public opinion he will not see, inasmuch as none exists beyond the national sentimentality we have described. Private jobbery and intrigue, however rampant, are not so easy of discovery or remedy by an extemporized special Commissioner. The only words on the sincerity of which Mr. Gladstone may rely will be those spoken to him in confidence by the well-meaning but "a little over-parted" High Commissioner, whose remaining liberty of action Mr. Gladstone's roving commission will virtually paralyse.

The childish self-esteem of the Ionians will be highly gratified at finding the eyes of England and of Europe drawn upon a group composed of themselves and so conspicuous a political personage as Mr. Gladstone. It will be still more delighted if, from the diplomatic contest with an inquirer of such eminent abilities, the Ionian question emerges more victoriously insoluble than before. If by courtesy and warmth of *accueil*, polished and frank bearing, plausible and suggestive flattery, or goodnatured innuendo—*omnia noverunt*—Mr. Gladstone is induced to accept the idea that our proverbial insular brutality of feeling and behaviour has been one of the main agents of our ill-success in the Ionian Islands, he will return no wiser than he went. The evil lies deeper than a mere social grievance, which in fact does not exist. The first and only basis for a really remedial system of government for the Ionians, lies not in the inculcating upon the English garrison and *employés*, or even our Home authorities, a greater adaptability to Ionian habits of thought or action, but in the impressing upon the natives themselves a deeper respect than they have hitherto learned for the honour, the purposes, the will, and the strength of England.

In spite of much personal unpopularity at the time, in spite of

violent and arbitrary conduct, and occasional glaring and obstinate errors of action or principle, the memories of Sir Thomas Maitland and Sir Charles Napier are still, among all English names connected with the Protectorate, those to which honest Ionians look back with the most genuine respect. They had an aim and a will. They did what they meant to do, and they were revered by the Greeks accordingly, as of a stronger and more straightforward nature than themselves. In these days, when, to the relief of Downing-street from much ungrateful trouble and much unpleasant responsibility, the Procrustean bed of *laissez-faire* has been fitted alike to the length of all our dependencies, the system of Napier and Maitland will not be reverted to. But the strength of the men would be applicable now as then; and it is as much needed to deal with the actual embarrassments as it was to organize the original machine. A High Commissioner must at once despise ease and popularity, set his face resolutely against jobbery and intrigue, fear no personal responsibility in taking up some of the dropped stitches of our chain of government, and have power to induce the Home authorities to back him up in doing so, if he is to give us any hope of managing the Ionian Islands with that credit which at present does not attach to the name of the Protection. But his commission must be to reside and govern, not to visit and inquire.

If all Mr. Gladstone's eloquence could impress the Ionians with the simple conviction that England has not the faintest intention of relinquishing her title to the Seven Islands, or of abnegating the indivisible responsibilities and privileges which the Treaty of Paris conferred upon her—that she is conscious of her main duty towards the Ionians, and resolute to fulfil it, in protecting them against their own foolish and dishonest vanity, their own public immorality and incapacity—he would be one of their truest benefactors. A policy of merely turning a deaf ear to the factious biennial screaming of the Legislative Assembly, or of attempting to conciliate or disarm intrigue by meeting it with its own weapons, is only calculated to persuade them that intrigue and faction are not personally dangerous, and may be ultimately profitable. We fear the task of undeceiving them is beyond the power of eloquence unsupported by action. Should Mr. Gladstone's mission result in depriving our *protégés* for a while of some of the unsuitable baubles which they have so scandalously misused, there may be a chance of a happier epoch for the Ionian Islands. But it is not a hopeful sign that the English Government, which has plenty of grounds in the acts of the Ionians themselves for the formation of a sound judgment and the enforcement of a distinct policy, should have thought it necessary, in lieu of acting, to send out an Inquisitor.

THE ROMANCE OF VICE.

M. EMILE MONTEGUT has published in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a very sensible critique on *Fanny*, and on the class of literature to which it belongs. What he fastens on especially is the sham poetry, and the real prosaic vulgarity, both of the vice which seeks in such books to be romantic, and of those who admire these books because they like to believe that they, too, could be at once romantic and vicious. He asks his readers whether they have ever seen a gourmand of a type exclusively Parisian, who, having to spend eightpence on his dinner, will not satisfy his appetite on a good slice of roast beef, but has, at a bad *restaurant*, a dish of salmon, peas, and a *meringue*. He has an execrable dinner, but he procures himself the illusion of thinking he has had a good repast. Just so the personages in many French romances of the present day flatter themselves they have passions while they have only vices. And the success of the novel depends on its having this mixture of real vice and false sentiment. There is a considerable portion of society which likes to plate over its sensuality with a thin layer of tinsel passion. The hero of the romance and the hero of real life will like to fancy that, if they are as vicious, they are also as romantic as René. Now the public which chiefly supports these books is a public entirely out of the line of romance. It is a public of ordinary thought, and occupied with very ordinary kinds of business. The supposition that the romance of René can be repeated in a society utterly unlike that in which it was written, is a pure chimera. All this is expressed with great happiness and force by M. Montégut, and we may find the point worth thinking of in England. It is true that our illusions of immorality are very different from the French type. We have got rid of cockney Don Juans. But the influence of French literature on English society is very considerable; and so far as French novels do harm to persons who have any business at all to read them, they do so by throwing a tinsel plating over vice—by making the romance of vice seem a perfectly practicable arrangement, to be easily secured and enjoyed if the state of mind which gives the romance has been induced by an attentive study of the right models.

It is worth while, then, to think what the romance of vice demands—what are the qualities, mental, moral, and social, which are indispensable, if the desired halo is to be spread over the area of self-gratification. Chateaubriand is the author of the finest type of romantic vice that has been turned out; and M. Montégut terms him epigrammatically, but not untruly, *un gentilhomme breton catholique, athée et ennuagé*. At any rate, René exactly answers to this description. Now, the more we

consider these epithets, the more we find ourselves removed from the field of vulgar immorality. A Catholic Atheist is a person so little akin to the ordinary thoughts of Englishmen, that many persons would be inclined to doubt the possibility of his existence. And yet no expression could better convey the belief in everything, combined with the belief in nothing, which shine through René. The Catholic Atheist has open to him some of the most exciting and thrilling sensations which can fall to the lot of man. He worships God, and yet curses Him; he feels the rapture of a wild adoration, and the despondency of a reproachful despair. There are human minds—probably not a few—through which such thoughts pass, not as eccentricities noted down for literary purposes, but as the things which, for the time, naturally and really occupy them. It is easy to understand that a person under such an influence finds a harmony in the mental contemplation of unusual crime; and, however literally absurd, there is a sort of psychological consistency in René wandering about the woods of America thinking of incest. But René is romantic, not because he thinks about vice, but because he has a certain range of thought and feeling.

If, again, we examine the real heroines of romantic vice, we see at once how different they are from the sham ones—how different, for instance, are Indiana and Valentine from Fanny. The difference lies in this, that in the characters of Indiana and Valentine there are elements which are unconnected with vice, and which are in themselves poetical. There is in Indiana an intensity of affection—a wild delight in the luxuriance of nature—a childlike concentration of all interest on a few objects. She is placed in a society where incidents are made to occur with tolerable probability, so as to illustrate and confirm certain views on the fundamental arrangements of social life accepted by the writer. The romantic element is the groundwork, and the vicious element is only the addition. It is not vice that is made romantic, but romance that is made vicious. It may be easy to imitate the vice, but the vice does not involve the romance—it has nothing to do with it. But it is very possible to bring to the vice the remembrance of the romance, and this is exactly what is done. It would be something if this were confessed to be a pure illusion, and if it were recognised that the romance accompanying vulgar vice under a peculiar system of training is a trick of the memory, and not a feeling really entertained, or a part of the character really existing. And we may observe that the confusion which hangs about the connexion of vice and romance is apt to distort literary and moral criticism, as well as to exercise a pernicious influence over action. When a writer of real power has thoughts that are uncommon, but genuine, and feelings that are spasmodic perhaps, and exaggerated, but the natural growth of a general state of mind, we may look at their expression as a study which is not at once to be set down as immoral because it leads us into the region of concomitant vices. But when, as in so many modern French novels, the vice is the main staple of the book, and the romance is merely thrown over it as an alluring garment, decking the rottenness and hideousness that lie beneath, we are not to extend to creations of a character substantially different the indulgence we accord to fictions where a species of misdirected nobleness is the mainspring of the drama.

Against the sham romance of vice there is no doubt that cynicism is a powerful, and, in a certain sense, the most appropriate antidote. It is, indeed, one of the two great antidotes that literature has to offer. The creation and maintenance of a sound moral sense is not properly to be looked for in a purely secular literature. But to higher and better instruments of good, literature can add her own subsidiary aids. Cynicism is unpopular, because it is often employed to strip off the illusions from virtue; but it should be credited with the possibility of being used to strip off the illusions of vice. Cynicism does away with romance; and the romance which it does away with most swiftly and surely is the mock romance laid on to gild the vulgarity of wrong-doing. The nation and the age that in Chateaubriand produced the greatest painter of romantic vice, produced in Balzac the greatest of cynics. Under the painful touch of the withering genius of Balzac, the edifices of artificial romance crumble into nothing. He shows vice, as he shows the whole of human life, reduced to its skeleton shape. There is plenty of vice in Balzac, and he had that love of stirring up dirty puddles which seems inseparable from all but a very few French minds. But in his novels life is painted in so true a miniature—the component parts of a vicious society are so minutely analysed—the irony of fortune is so remorselessly followed out to all its consequences, that artificial romance seems not so much a failure or an imposition as an impossibility. Given a character in which desire is real but passion is absent, Balzac will show, as by a mathematical demonstration, that romance is out of the question. Cynicism may be defended on other grounds. It may be urged that virtue gains by being deprived of some of her illusions, or she would be apt to grow too sentimental. But it is only in relation to vice that the true significance and the true function of cynicism become apparent. To estimate the moral position of a writer like Balzac, we must not take him by himself. We must view him with reference to opposite writers, like George Sand or Chateaubriand, and we shall see what is the function which tales such as his are capable of discharging.

The other great literary antidote, as M. Montégut points out, is the expression of the ludicrous. A hearty laugh, if it can but be honestly raised, soon expels the poison from the mind. We

are not speaking of ridicule aimed at a particular object, but of a general fund of humour, whether genial or stern—a sense of the comic, a quickness at catching the consequences of impossible data, a power of seeing the grotesque side of human waywardness and frailty. The dead-alive seriousness of a bad French novel is blown into thin air by the light breath of even jovial high spirits, and much more by that of measured and discriminative laughter. "Let us," M. Montégut says—"let us have some one to teach us what railery is when we are overwhelmed with books like *Fanny*. If we cannot get the bold and deep laugh of Rabelais or Molière, let us be content with the ironical humour of Lesage." Happily, in England, the race of laughers has never died away. Byronism yielded rather to the fun than to the abuse it provoked. We may not otherwise have reason to be entirely satisfied with the kind of fun that shows itself so widely in the English literature of the day; but it certainly keeps us from some nonsense. If comic journalism and facetious novels have done even a little to keep us from an English counterpart of *Fanny*, let us pay them our debt of gratitude. As to the greater lights, there can be no doubt that the succession of real humorists in our literature has acted as a bulwark against the invasion into English thought of the pestilent combination of mock poetry and sensualism.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

THERE is one part of our Church Service which may fairly be made the subject of ordinary criticism, for it is destitute not only of dogmatic, but even of ecclesiastical sanction. As our readers are aware, there is no provision made by authority (except in the single case of the "Veni Creator Spiritus" in the Ordination Service) for the hymns and psalms which have come to form an essential part of our present public services. Every congregation is left to its own choice, and we cannot think that the result is a happy one. Most of the collections in use are so bad as to be positively offensive, and an opportunity is wasted of exercising an influence over the nation at large which might be in many ways most powerful and most valuable. Whatever may be the difficulties of laying down canons of criticism as to poetry, we apprehend that there can be little doubt as to the requisites for a hymn. The thoughts expressed should be plain and of universal interest, the tone of feeling should be reverential, the language cannot be too simple and weighty, and the whole effect is utterly spoiled by any traces of rhetoric or egotism. If the Psalms of David were amenable to the ordinary rules of criticism, it might perhaps be said that the wonderful power which they possess of adapting themselves to the religious wants of all ages and countries arises in a great measure from the degree in which they embody these principles. The neglect of any one of them is almost sure to impair very seriously the value of works which may in other respects possess a very high degree of merit. Thus, for example, the *Christian Year*, notwithstanding merits on which it would be superfluous to insist, fails in direct appeals to broad common sentiments, and the pieces of which it is composed are rather poems than hymns. It would be easy, but not very desirable, to quote many compositions which, notwithstanding a good deal of power, can never obtain anything more than a sectarian popularity, on account of what appears to most people their fundamental irreverence and presumptuous familiarity on the most sacred subjects. Nothing can excuse such a metaphor as "a fountain filled with blood;" nor, when we read an avowal that if "the whole realm of nature" were the writer's, it would be too small an offering to make to a love which "demands my heart, my soul, my all," is it very easy to repress a wish that he had had a better notion of comparative value.

Faults of language are even more common than faults of feeling. Few hymn writers, indeed, have the power of being impressive without being rhetorical. Milton, Addison, Cowper, Wesley, and a very few more, almost exhaust the list. Rhetoric in a hymn is the most offensive of incongruities. It is altogether inconceivable that a real dying man should say to his soul—

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;

or that after several other smart lines he should conclude with the exclamation—

Oh! the pain, the bliss, of dying!

This which we believe was Pope's only effort in hymn writing (for his Universal Prayer is a mere illustration of the Essay on Man), is perhaps an extreme example of the defect to which we allude, but we must own that to our apprehension the hymns of Bishop Heber and Dean Milman are not free from the same objection.

From Greenland's icy mountains—

seems far more fit for the platform than the Church.

If writers of great power and merit often fail to reach the standard which it is desirable to attain in this matter, the Collections in common use are positively disgraceful. How Tate and Brady ever survived the task of translating, in perfect good faith and with the best intentions, the most sublime and divine of all poems into the utterly bald and contemptible doggerel which is unfortunately bound up with most of our Prayer Books, is a standing mystery. The New Version is probably the most vapid human composition that ever

lasted through a century and a half. Its general level is so poor that its poverty can hardly be exemplified, but it occasionally rises to a pitch of stupidity which has the negative merit of fixing attention by absurdity. The following are a few instances of the miserable stuff which we unhappily continue to associate with a liturgy which has carried dignity, beauty, and reverence of style and thought to as high a pitch as any that human language has attained:—

Ps. 92, v. 5, 6.—O Lord, how glorious are thy works, thy thoughts are very deep. An unwise man doth not well consider this, and a fool doth not understand it.

Ps. 94, v. 8, 9.—Take heed, ye unwise among the people. Oh ye fools, when will ye understand?

Ps. 103, v. 6.—I am become like a pelican in the wilderness, and like an owl in the desert.

Ps. 41, v. 6.—And if he come to see me he speaketh vanity; and his heart conceiveth falsehood within himself, and when he cometh forth he telleth it.

Ps. 105, v. 9, 10.—The covenant that he made with Abraham, and the oath that he swore unto Isaac, and appointed the same unto Jacob for a law, and to Israel for an everlasting testament.

One would think that the author of this last version must have been a parish clerk under the direction of a country attorney.

It is, however, due to the New Version to state that it unquestionably does contain, not only here and there a good verse, but at least two admirable hymns. The version of the 34th Psalm—

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ—

is very good indeed; and that of the 139th rises to a high pitch of dignity and power:—

Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.
If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwelt'st enthroned in light;
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.

"Infernal plains" is perhaps Latin rather than Hebrew; but the effect of the whole is very grand.

It is curious to inquire how the New Version ever came to supersede the Old, which, though obsolete, appears to us to be infinitely the better of the two. It is no doubt extremely rugged, but it contains many passages of great beauty. Such is the well-known version of part of the 18th Psalm:—

The Lord descended from above
And bow'd the heavens high
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
On cherubs and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
And like a den most dark he made
His hid and secret place,
With waters thick and airy clouds
Encompassed he was.
The fiery darts and thunderbolts
Disperse them here and there;
And, with his frequent lightnings, he
Doth put them in great fear.

The version of the 23rd Psalm may be compared, not altogether unfavourably, with the more elaborate, but not more expressive, lines of Addison ("The Lord my pasture shall prepare," &c.):—

My shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.
He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

The 24th Psalm—

The earth is all the Lord's, with all
Her store and furniture—

is very noble; and there are some verses in the 68th Psalm which Sir Walter Scott quotes with great effect in *Peveril of the Peak*.

Our principal object in calling attention to this subject is to suggest the possibility of making a selection which should contain none but the very best hymns. If some fifty or sixty of these were selected from the vast mass of bad ones which are usually sung in Churches, learning them by heart might become a regular branch of education, as is the case in Scotland with the Paraphrases appended to the Scotch version of the Psalms. It

is impossible to say how strong an influence such a collection might exercise over the national mind. There can be no doubt at all that the characteristic peculiarities of the style of the authorized version of the Bible and of the Liturgy have exercised the very deepest influence over the national character. The influence of Marot's psalms, of Wesley's hymns, of the Scotch Paraphrases which we have already mentioned, and the proverbial importance of national ballads, are also cases in point. As to the possibility of making such a collection, it may be affirmed with great confidence that at least fifty hymns might be mentioned which are not unworthy to take their places as auxiliaries to the Bible and Prayer-book, in point both of thought and language. We may mention a few to make good our assertion. Milton, as is well known, versified a considerable number of the Psalms, but he adhered so closely to the letter of the English Bible, that most of his versions are singularly stiff. Here and there, however, he succeeded admirably. The 118th Psalm is an instance:—

Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

The 8th Psalm is also strikingly though rather cumbrously rendered:—

O Jehovah, our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name in all the earth,
So as above the heavens thy praise to set,
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Perhaps the most magnificent hymn in the language dates from the reign of Charles II., and comes from the pen of Lord Roscommon. His translation of the "Dies Iræ" is in some points not unworthy of the tremendous majesty of the original.

The greatest of all English hymn-writers, however, was undoubtedly Addison. The most famous of his productions, "The spacious firmament on high" is not, we own, that which pleases us the most. A hymn always ought to approach in temper to a prayer, and it has a nearer affinity to a sermon, but nothing can exceed the beauty or piety of such lines as these:—

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I meet my Maker face to face,
Oh! how shall I appear?

Nor is he less admirable when he writes in a cheerful, and even exulting tone:—

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Or again:—

How are thy servants blest, Oh Lord,
How sure is their defence;
Eternal wisdom is their guard,
Their strength omnipotence.

The hymns printed at the end of the Prayer-book, especially those on Easter and Christmas, have very great merit. Indeed, the Easter hymn—

Jesus Christ has risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day—

is a model of one kind of excellence. The Christmas hymn—

When shepherds watched their flocks by night—

is one of the Scotch Paraphrases, and is a very favourable specimen of them. It is full of vigour and spirit, but there is not a line of it which can give offence to the most fastidious taste. We have mentioned a very few of the hymns which suggest themselves to us. We are confident that a judicious selection of them would be a *κρίμα ἐς δαί* for the nation, and would greatly strengthen the hands of all teachers of religion.

DEAN PEACOCK.

WE have this week to mourn no ordinary loss to science, to art, to liberal studies, to social charity, and to the Church. Outside of that circle of political and military reputations which are naturally more cosmopolitan than any others, there are not many of the distinguished names of England the extinction of which would make themselves more keenly and widely felt than that of George Peacock. The claims of the late Dean of Ely to our respectful recollection grow so naturally out of the various avocations of his energetic and truthful life, that, without attempting anything resembling a regular memoir, we shall touch upon them in the order in which they successively present themselves.

The rugged and once nearly inaccessible chain of hills which forms the border land of Yorkshire and Lancashire has been of old a fertile seed-plot to Cambridge. There seems something in the practical, yet ingenious, character of mathematical pursuits, congenial to the hard-headed natives of that district; and there, when the last century did not want many years to its close, George Peacock was born in a remote parsonage, the child of a clergyman, well known in his own locality for his vigorous intellect, who, as well as his wife, were spared to an extreme old age to rejoice in the fame of their distinguished son. In due time the young man went up to Cambridge, selecting Trinity College as his domicile, under the patronage of a deter-

mined will and a keen intellect—friends which did not desert him. His career as an undergraduate justified his early *prestige*; and although the supreme honour of senior wrangler escaped his grasp, yet his degree equalled in brilliancy the senior wranglership of an ordinary year, for Peacock came out second to Herschel at the tripos of 1813, while Babbage, fearing the competition of such rivals, took refuge in the safe haven of the poll, and W. H. Mill stood high upon the honour list. Of course he soon won his fellowship, and for many successive years of his life Trinity College became Peacock's home, where he acted first as one of the assistant tutors, and then as head of one of the three "sides" into which the College is, for educational purposes, divided. It is not for us to dwell upon his fulfilment of this honourable and responsible office. The monument of his tutorial career will be found in hundreds of our professional men, our clergy, and our country gentlemen, who, year after year, came under that influence—gentle yet determined, firm although indulgent, and indefatigable in cheering and assisting the youthful student in his toilsome course. There never existed a man who more completely made friends of all that came under his control than the Dean of Ely. But among his practical avocations the scientific pursuit of mathematics was not neglected, and Peacock's *Algebra* takes its place among the most philosophic treatises upon analytical science. Another literary work which he undertook during this period of his life was not published till a comparatively late date—the biography of his friend Dr. Young.

Among the fruits of his leisure must also be noticed a work upon the Constitution and Studies of the University of Cambridge, which appeared in the year 1840. It advocated numerous reforms which created considerable sensation and much discussion at a period when the recoil from 1831 and 1832 led the majority of quietly disposed individuals to identify change with revolution. Shortly before this date, in 1839, the death of Dr. Wood put the Deanery of Ely at the disposal of Lord Melbourne, a Minister whose conscientious desire to give his Church patronage to the most deserving might have been wisely imitated by other Whig statesmen. Mr. Peacock, though not a violent politician, had always been counted among the Whigs; and this fact, coupled with his great academical distinction, pointed him out as a worthy recipient of a preferment which is, of course, always considered the perquisite of some Cambridge man. He accepted it, and the unusual honour of a testimonial from Trinity men, alike of his own and of the other "sides," showed how much his loss was felt in the College and in the University. It could not be otherwise, when the person to whom it was offered was as distinguished for sweetness of temper and the most affectionate unselfishness of character as for intellectual eminence. And yet, although every one felt that the selection of so eminent a man for that dignity was creditable to the Ministry of the day, no one could at that time have predicted whether Dr. Peacock would prove efficient in the performance of the decanal office. There seemed, indeed, considerable risk that he might not. The duties of Dean—the conservation and restoration of the cathedral fabric, the solemn performance of divine service, and the superintendence of the caputular schools—were responsibilities that had pressed very lightly on the generation of Deans preceeding Dr. Peacock. His own studies had shown him to be a consummate mathematician and reasoner, and an admirable man of practical business. But a person might be all these and yet an inefficient head of a collegiate church. Such was the case with Dr. Peacock's immediate predecessor, "Algebra" Wood. But here the marvellous elasticity of his character displayed itself. Once a Dean, he grasped and carried out all that a Dean's life ought to be. The majestic cathedral of which he was constituted the custodian became the centre of his existence. To restore and beautify the glorious fabric, to maintain its services with due solemnity, to revive its chapter-school, were the daily occupation and delight of his life. He inspired others with a zeal like his own, and the wide area from which his influence drew contributions is an example of how much one true-hearted man can accomplish. But, rather than use any words of our own, we will quote the impression which Dean Peacock's restoration of Ely made upon a foreign visitor who reached that place little prepared for so striking a spectacle. M. de Montalembert, in his *Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre*, offers this remarkable testimony to the work—regarding it of course from his own point of view of a liberal England-loving Roman Catholic, which at this moment places him so high in our sympathies and anxieties. Referring with praise to the meritorious exertions of the Anglican clergy in restoring the old cathedrals and monastic churches, he says:—"Il faut citer comme modèle du genre l'église d'Ely, merveilleux monument du génie monastique, restauré par les soins de M. Peacock, doyen du chapitre Anglican, avec autant de science que de splendeur." It is to be hoped that Lord Derby will sufficiently appreciate the value of what Dean Peacock has done to appoint a successor who will carry to completion all that is yet to be accomplished. But his strictly decanal duties did not fill up all his time. Both as the sanitary reformer of Ely, and the creator of its people's park, he won the gratitude of the inhabitants.

We have seen how early Dr. Peacock came forward as a University reformer. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that he was one of the most active members of the two Cambridge Commissions; and all—both those who agree and those who differ from the details of the various reforms effected or proposed—must unite in admiration of the zeal, the labour, and the desire to do

the best in everything, which animated his whole career. He was likewise prominently before the world as the Prolocutor of the Convocation of Canterbury during the eventful period of the Parliament of 1852-57, having previously filled that office in the (for Convocation) more quiet days from 1841 to 1847. To the ardour with which the Dean of Ely threw himself into the cause of a representative government for the Church, may in no little degree be ascribed the amount of independence which Convocation has succeeded in winning from successive Administrations, with at last the willing concurrence of even the cautious Archbishop of Canterbury. No one, whatever may be his views on Convocation, can fail to admire the example of a man of Dean Peacock's advanced years and feeble health so heartily throwing himself into a laborious cause from the conviction that in so doing he was winning a benefit for his fellow-men.

We have just referred to Dean Peacock's feeble health. His once athletic frame was, in later years, enfeebled by repeated attacks of the most severe bronchitis, which drove him one winter to seek the climate of Madeira. Happily the tenderest solicitude cheered his last days. We will not intrude upon private life more than to say that his marriage, contracted of course after his removal to Ely, was singularly felicitous; and of all the aching hearts he leaves behind, the one to whom the loss is heaviest is that of her who is worthy to have been the wife of George Peacock and the sister of Bishop Selwyn.

Of the merits of Dean Peacock's character, and of his personal amiability, we have already spoken. Those who enjoyed his intimate friendship knew that they had in him a friend who never swerved or changed. Those who could only boast of his acquaintance, were riveted by the charms of his conversation. To the desolate and the unfortunate his full merits were known.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MOST of our readers, on taking up a French work entitled *France et Angleterre*,* will be prepared to find in it a tissue of that invective, malevolence, and ignorance which have uniformly characterized the recent lubrications of French pamphleteers on this country. They will in the present case be agreeably disappointed. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the political and historical views advocated in the remarkable work before us, it must at least be allowed that its author, M. Menche de Loigne, is honourably distinguished from that section of French publicists who, like himself, are averse to Parliamentary government, by a warmth of feeling towards England and a knowledge of English history which entitle him to a ready welcome at the hands of every Englishman. In one of his delightful *Essays* the author of *Friends in Council* insists on the difficulty of pronouncing what form of government is abstractedly the best—so numerous and complicated are the elements which have to be taken into account in adapting the general formula to the nature and history of a particular people. A like sentiment has animated M. Menche de Loigne in the conception and composition of the present work. "Pour moi," he says, "je crois qu'un gouvernement n'a de raison d'être, de force, de stabilité, de durée, que lorsqu'il est l'expression des mœurs, des passions, et des intérêts de la société qu'il régit." In applying this principle to the case of France and England it behoved him to search into the origin and trace the development of the politics and civilization of the two countries, and thence to determine how it has come to pass that the political institutions of England have hitherto failed in establishing any permanent footing in France. The task was one of no ordinary difficulty, but in its execution M. de Loigne has acquitted himself with very creditable success. The work is divided into three books, entitled respectively—1. Temps Anciens—2. Temps Modernes—3. Révolution de 1688—Révolution de 1789. In the first chapter of Book i. (De la Conquête des Gaules) the author traces the rise of the great feudal lords who established themselves on the conquered soil of Gaul, remarking in particular how the seeds of future division were laid by the fact of each great fief corresponding to the distinct nationality created by the conquest. "Ne cherchez pas au dixième siècle la France, elle n'existe pas. Les Gaules sont partagées en grands fiefs. Les grands feudataires sont les égaux du roi, quelques-uns sont plus puissants que lui et tous indépendants de la couronne exercent dans leurs fiefs le pouvoir absolu." Very different is the picture presented in the following chapter of the results which in England attended the Norman Conquest; and wide, as the authorably shows, is the contrast between "France et Angleterre." In the one case, the weakness of the Crown threw royalty into the arms of the "bourgeoisie"—in the other, the exactions and preponderance of the Crown induced the nobles to make common cause with men of low degree. The third and concluding chapter of Book i. (Capets et Plantagenets) is but the logical development of the premises established in Chapter 2. The growth of the power of the aristocracy in England and of Royalty in France is traced with

a skill which we would the more readily extol if the author had not ridden his hobby so hard as not only to ignore, but to attempt to controvert, one of the most established glories of English history, and to tarnish what Mr. Hallam justly styles the peculiar beauty of Magna Charta—the equal distribution of civil rights to all classes of freemen. We are better able to go along with him in his remarks on the States-General and on the Parliaments of France—the impotent squabbles of the one, and the successive encroachments by which the other furthered the progress of equality and centralization, to the detriment of liberty and the hindrance of constitutional government. All this is set forth with vigour, eloquence, and truth. We call special attention to some very sensible remarks on the different parts which Paris and London have played in the histories of their respective countries. The first chapter of Book ii. (Tudors et Valois) shows how the reign of the Tudors, in spite, or rather because of, its tyrannical character, did in reality but consolidate the liberties of which the foundations were laid in the plains of Runnymede. As a set-off to this, we see the profound divisions of France under the Valois, its threatened dismemberment under the combined influences of Protestantism and the Ligue, the hatred for each other of clergy, nobles, and bourgeoisie, the chronic irritation produced by class-privileges, the pressing demands of a dilapidated finance, and amid all these evils, the infuriated howlings of the States-General and the selfishness of the Parliament. Chapter 2 is entitled "Bourbons et Stuarts." We would gladly follow our author in his spirited appreciation of Henri Quatre, Richelieu, and the Fronde on the one hand, and of the Stuarts and Cromwell on the other. More gladly still would we give our readers some idea of the ingenious parallel, social as well as political, which M. Menche de Loigne draws, in the concluding book, between England and France. But we have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude by expressing a hope that a work so able, and so fraught with interest to Englishmen, may not be long in meeting with a translator who will do justice to the singular vigour with which it is written.

The language of a people may be considered under two aspects or conditions—in motion, or at rest. In order that language may be kept under some control when in motion, it is well that a nation should take stock, as it were, of its ever varying stores of speech at intervals sufficiently remote. This the *Académie Française* has already done more than once in the dictionary which bears its name. It has, however, recently published to the world the commencement of investigations which have long been on foot respecting the French language in a state of rest. The *Dictionnaire Historique** of which the first volume is before us, may be styled an alphabetical series of memoirs on the history of the French tongue. The gentleman who complained that he found Dr. Johnson's Dictionary "rather disconnected reading," will have no such cause for dissatisfaction here. We feel as if we were reading a volume of biographies, so complete is the account of each particular word. As a somewhat similar undertaking is contemplated in this country, it may be interesting to those engaged in it to read the very lucid and masterly *Avertissement*—due, as we understand, to the pen of M. Patin—in which the Academy sets forth the principles on which it has determined to execute its colossal design, and the reasons of such determination. The questions of archaism, etymology, and arrangement are discussed with a philosophical breadth which is singularly suggestive. Unfortunately, unless the work be in a very advanced state, and the present "Tome" be merely put forth as a bait to criticism, there is small ground for hoping that any of us will ever live to see it brought to a conclusion. The 366 quarto pages before us only bring us down to the word *Abusivement*. One cause of the interest which attaches to the perusal of this volume is the fulness with which the citations are made, the judgment with which they are selected, and the chronological order in which they are arranged. The work is at once a glossary and a *Choix de littérature*.

Another dictionary of gigantic dimensions has recently been published by M. Hachette. In a volume of nearly two thousand closely printed pages, with double columns, and containing upwards of eight thousand names, M. Vapereau, the editor, aided by a competent staff, has given us an excellent *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*,† which will be an invaluable boon to readers in every country. A work such as this is a great desideratum. Concerning men who lived in a previous generation it is always tolerably easy to gain information. But it is precisely about your contemporaries that you are in many cases left in the dark. We have only had this book by us for a week, and we can assure our readers that we have again and again gone to its pages for particulars respecting this individual or that, and have never been sent empty away. It is brought out to the most recent months—witness the following quiet hit at M. Sainte-Beuve:—"Par eclecticisme ou inconstance il a eu des sympathies et des admirations pour tous les écrivains et toutes les œuvres, jusqu'à *Madame Bovary* (1857), et *Fanny* (1858)." With such hits the articles in this Dictionary abound. The work is kept in type "en permanence," so that any errors may be rectified

* *Dictionnaire Historique de la Langue Française*. Publiée par l'Académie Française. Tome Premier. Paris. London: Williams and Norgate, 1858.

† *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*. Ouvrage rédigé et continuellement tenu à jour par G. Vapereau, ancien élève de l'École Normale. Paris: Hachette. London: Williams and Norgate, 1859.

* *France et Angleterre*. Etude Sociale et Politique. Par Ch. Menche de Loigne. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs, 1859.

at once. The editor requests that notification of such errors may be sent to him. Supplements will be published from time to time, in order to bring the work down to the most recent times. As a general rule, the Dictionary was intended to comprise all the worthies who were alive on the 1st of January, 1855, but to this rule it was found impossible to adhere with rigour, for in numberless cases the influence of the individual survived his decease. We have referred to many English names, and have been astonished to find a singular absence of those ludicrous blunders which so often disfigure Continental lucubrations on the worthies of England.

In a single octavo volume of 500 pages, M. Nourrisson* has undertaken to trace the progress of the human mind from Thales to Leibnitz. Of the numerous questions to which the "perennis quedam philosophia," as Leibnitz finely styles it, has endeavoured to find a satisfactory solution, M. Nourrisson has mainly confined himself to four—1. "Qu'est-ce que l'âme ? 2. Que sont les idées du vrai, du beau, du bien ? 3. Qu'est-ce que Dieu ? 4. Qu'est-ce que la vie future ?" From the ever closer and closer approximations to a satisfactory answer to these great problems which successive schools of philosophy have succeeded in compassing, M. Nourrisson gathers the conviction that to speak of the progress of the human mind is no idle form of words. The attempt to comprise in one volume the results of philosophical speculations which extend over so wide a term of years necessarily entailed a series of sketchy outlines rather than finished pictures. But for all that, the book has its value in that it leaves a tolerably distinct impression, and enables the reader to take in at a glance what would ordinarily require, if he were left to himself, a tedious and minute survey. The chapters on Greek Philosophy are very feeble. By far the best are those on Saint Augustine, and Descartes, and Pascal. The volume is relieved of the dryness which would otherwise attach to the purely philosophical portion of its contents by the admixture of biographical details respecting the principal exponents of ancient and modern Thought.

No reader of Saint Simon's *Memoirs* will need to be told of the important part which the Princesse des Ursins played in the Spanish War of Succession. That famous woman who so long held sway in the Court and ruled the destinies of Spain, occupies page after page of that caustic work, and furnishes the theme of one of the most *piquant* of those portraits by which its author has immortalized his name. After stating that her death, which took place in 1722, was deferred long enough to give her the pleasure of seeing Madame de Maintenon disgraced and interred, and of hailing the downfall of two of her greatest enemies—a downfall yet more ignominious than her own—Saint Simon goes on to write:—"Cette mort, qui quelques années plutôt eût retenti par toute l'Europe, ne fit pas la plus légère sensation . . . Ce fut néanmoins une personne si extraordinaire dans tout le cours de sa longue vie, et qui a partout si grandement et si singulièrement figuré, quoique en diverses manières—dont l'esprit, le courage, l'industrie, et les ressources ont été si rares—enfin le règne si absolu en Espagne et si à découvert, que sa vie mériterait d'être écrite, et tiendrait place entre les plus curieux morceaux de l'histoire des temps où elle a vécu." (*Mem. de St. Simon*, tome vii. p. 338. Ed. Hachette, 18mo.) We have quoted this passage because it furnishes the best introduction to the very interesting work—though somewhat too long withal—which M. F. Combes has just published on the life and times of the Princesse des Ursins.† The author believes that Saint Simon's own account of her, in other portions of his memoirs, is the very reason why no one has yet followed the advice implied in the passage above quoted. It had been too hastily inferred that she was little more than a meddling *intrigante*. His own investigations, however, in a mass of unedited documents, have convinced him that her political career must be extolled or condemned according as we look to the period which preceded or to that which followed the death of Marie Louise de Savoie. After that event she exaggerated her personal importance, and idly fancied that she could become at the Court of Madrid what her enemy Madame de Maintenon was at the Court of Versailles. The brutal coarseness, however, of the Spanish monarch dispelled all illusions which vanity, ambition, and cosmetics might have led her to entertain. M. Combes has succeeded, we think, in showing that the powers she displayed in the earlier portion of her career should make us pardon the womanly weaknesses which cast deserved ridicule on its close.

M. Didot has recently published, in a compact volume, and at a very moderate price, an excellent edition of Joinville's *Memoirs*, or, *Chronique du Très-Christien Roi Saint Louis*.‡ Though written, or at least dictated, by their author as far back as the year 1309, it was not till the year 1546 that these memoirs saw the light, under the bad auspices of one Antoine l'ierre de Rieux,

who in an evil hour undertook to put the manuscript he had stumbled on into *bon ordre et élégant style*. The reader must turn to the volume before us for an enumeration and appreciation of the editions by which this *editio princeps*—if such it can be called—was succeeded. The fact that this life of Saint Louis should have remained so long unpublished can only be accounted for by the circumstance of its being found ill-suited to meet the views of the fabricators of legends who buried rather than embalmed the memory of the sainted king. The title of the work, as given below, will tell the reader the valuable appliances which are incorporated in this edition. M. A. Didot's *Dissertations*, we may add, are on the following subjects:—1. De la vie de Joinville; 2. Des *Memoirs* de Joinville et de leur mérite littéraire; 3. Opinions diverses sur Joinville et ses *Memoirs*; 4. Tombeau et épitaphes; 5. Château de Joinville; 6. Des manuscrits des *Memoirs* de Joinville; 7. Des éditions des *Memoirs* de Joinville; 8. Sources à consulter; 9. Actes et documents concernant les sires de Joinville; 10. Essai sur la généalogie des sires de Joinville; 11. Dissertation sur le Crédo de Joinville. It is much to be regretted that the editor has not appended a table of contents. We observe that M. A. Didot mutilates the name of the famous Johnes, the translator of Joinville, and turns him into plain M. Jones.

M. Jules Janin* has just brought out the fifth and sixth volumes of a work which we learn from the title-page—for its contents would not have warranted the inference—is a history of dramatic literature. These volumes complete—for the present—an undertaking which we rather infer, from the acrimonious tone of its concluding pages, has not proved altogether as successful as the author anticipated. We cannot say we shared the anticipation. The showy feuilletons were scarcely fitted to be worked up into a volume, much less into six. There is a time for all things, and a man cannot be drinking effervescents by the hour. Still the book has its value, for it gives us a series of photographs, as it were, of the events and impressions of the day which followed each other shoal upon shoal during the "Government of July." The greater part of volume v. is devoted to the memory of Frederic Soulié—so far at least as it is possible for M. Jules Janin to write about anything in particular without flying off at a tangent to things in general. These last form the subject of the sixth. Victor Hugo, De Vigny, Rachel, Miss Smithson, such are the key-notes of page after page of dithyramb of which M. Jules Janin delivers himself with a fecundity truly alarming.

If we mention the translation of Marlowe's *Faustus* by F. V. Hugo (a son of the poet),† it is only for the sake of calling attention to the spirited but somewhat *Hugonian* preface by which it is preceded. A comparison is instituted between Marlowe and Goethe which is in many respects striking. Was Goethe honest when he spoke of his Helena as a creation entirely his own? Is it possible that he was ignorant of the famous apostrophe to Helen which Marlowe puts into the mouth of Faustus, and which contains to all appearance the germs of Goethe's *Helena*? We think with M. Hugo, that in these reiterated assurances of the originality of his conception, Goethe was perhaps as much a dupe as the public. "A force de s'assimiler son sujet par la contemplation, il finit par se figurer qu'il l'avait créé." We must leave it to others to compare the translation with the original. M. F. V. Hugo ought to be competent in such matters, for he has undertaken a translation of the whole of Shakespeare.

We have kept for the last a work of imagination which is greatly above the average of French works of fiction. This will sound but feeble praise to usher in a new and very charming little volume from the pen of our old acquaintance M. J. T. de St. Germain, a pseudonym of which the reader will not have very far to go for the solution. *Lady Clare*—as may be guessed from the title—is a story based on the well-known poem of Tennyson which bears the same name. The author, however, has introduced divers and sundry modifications which were indispensable for filling up the vague outline which the poet has left in hazy dimness. Read in an hour and remembered through a life, these unpretending little *légendes*—now four in number—have obtained a success in their own country which can only be matched by that of *Fanny*. We think this is a great point gained. It is well that French writers should be made to feel by M. J. T. de Germain's example that it is not absolutely necessary a book should be indecent to save it from being dull. As a specimen of the lively, pleasant style in which our author writes, we quote the following sketch of Parisian marriages in the year 1858:—

Je conviens que dans le monde où nous vivons les choses ne se passent pas tout à fait ainsi. Quand les notaires des deux parties, nous dirions presque les deux adversaires, ont vérifié les titres et les valeurs, et se sont mis d'accord avec les familles, on confronte les futurs conjoints; le prétendu est solennellement autorisé à faire sa cour selon l'expression consacrée. Cela consiste ordinairement à acheter tous les matins, pendant un mois, un bouquet de trois à quinze francs chez une fleuriste en renom, et à l'envoyer dans un papier blanc comme la neige à la fiancée inconnue. Ce bouquet symbolique veut dire invariablement—*Vous êtes belle et je vous aime* (deux vérités quelquefois douteuses). Puis on se présente à trois heures dans une tenue irréprochable pour faire de la belle conversation; la fiancée baisse les yeux et ne parle pas

* *Tableau des Progrès de la Pensée Humaine depuis Thales jusqu'à Leibnitz*. Par M. Nourrisson, Professeur de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Clermont. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs. 1858.

† *La Princesse des Ursins*. Essai sur sa Vie et son Caractère Politique d'après de nombreux documents inédits, par M. François Combes. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs. 1858.

‡ *Memoirs de Jean Sire de Joinville, ou Histoire et Chronique du Très-Christien Roi Saint Louis*. Publiés par M. Francisque Michel, précédés de Dissertations par M. Amb. Firmin Didot, et d'une Notice sur les Manuscrits du Sire de Joinville, par M. Paulin, de l'Institut. Paris: Didot. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

* Jules Janin: *Histoire de Littérature Dramatique*. Tomes v. vi. (Bibliothèque Contemporaine.) Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

† François Victor Hugo: *La Faust, Anglais de Marlowe*. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

‡ *Lady Clare*. Légende, par J. T. de Saint-Germain, Auteur de la "Légende de l'Épingle," &c. Paris: Jules Tardieu. London: Jeffs. 1859.

la première; on cause de tout, mais surtout du bois, du théâtre, de la rente, de la toilette des mariées du jour; la dernière quinzaine est employée à faire des emplettes chez des marchands et des commandes chez les couturiers. Les cours commencent à s'ouvrir en même temps que les bourses, le sentiment s'épanche en même temps que les louis-d'or . . . après quoi les futurs époux sont unis à jamais en présence des familles attendries.

We have little doubt that English readers will hasten to give to *Lady Clare* as warm a welcome as they have already conferred on the *Épingle Mignon*, and the *Art d'être Malheureux*.

PHILADELPHIA.*

IT has become so much the fashion to write books claiming to be pleas for social and religious reform, that people have ceased to wonder at them. They are, however, very frequently just subjects for surprise, whether we look at the enormous difficulty of the problem or at the scanty equipments of those who try to solve it. In professional literature, and in works on almost every subject which can be brought in any way to the test of experience, men usually show some sort of respect for their predecessors, and some kind of appreciation of the possibility that they may, after all, be fallible, and that it is conceivable that they may turn out to be neither the first, the wisest, nor the greatest of writers upon the topics which they handle. Modesty appears to vary inversely with the importance of the subject treated. When a man has to tell the world that it is all wrong together—that society stands on a false basis, that law is a cruel mockery, that the leading institutions of his country are utterly rotten, and that religion, amongst other things, wants to be thoroughly set to rights from end to end—he writes not exactly with flippancy, nor yet with impudence, but with an irritating lecture-room benignity which resembles nothing so much as the small talk of the dentist as he is getting out his pincers. Fortunately, the instruments used by philanthropists are of a much less effective character. They worry and mumble the subject to which they are applied, but their power goes no further. It is, however, a very considerable evil to live in an atmosphere of crude—and in a sluggish way—inflammatory speculation upon all sorts of very grave questions. Woful experience has taught us what a risk we should run if we were to dare to hint that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing; but we may perhaps be allowed to suggest that when a little knowledge, and a little vanity, and a little pedantry, and a little enthusiasm, and a little fluency are mixed up together, they make a very dangerous and a very offensive little compound.

The book which has led us to make these remarks is a fair specimen of the class. *Philadelphia* is a series of essays upon the condition of the world, the principal point of which is that matters are very badly organized. We are told that the existing division of social ranks fosters a base vanity and coldness of heart—that the distribution of property is very unjust, especially in the article of primogeniture—that luxury is a vice which oppresses and destroys the poor—that the organization of the State is very bad, and that of the Church worse—finally, that a new "Catholic Christianity" ought to be developed out of our existing creeds by the simple process of expunging from all creeds every disputed article, and treating the residue as the vital and essential root of the matter. Of Mr. Barham's mode of arguing nothing can give a notion, except specimens. We confine ourselves to one. Like most philanthropists of his complexion, he has a bitter dislike for the law. "It is a system so constituted as throughout to favour and cherish wealth, and to lay an oppressive and withering hand on poverty;" and after some intermediate matter come the following illustrations:—

A wealthy and quarrelsome neighbour unjustly breaks the poor man's fence, or impounds his cattle. His wisest course, doubtless, were quietly to submit to the injury; but this his spirit cannot brook: he seeks legal redress, his advisers foment the strife, he litigates; and whether he gain or lose his cause, still is ruined. A small legacy, perchance is left him, but there is some peg on which an adverse claimant can hang a quibble; there is a suit, and the suit eats up not only the legacy, but his little all besides.

"Pol, me occiditis amici!"

he might exclaim, bemoaning the fatal kindness which remembered him in the will. With the savings of many years' faithful service, a man often opens a little shop; but, new to business, he gives credit too easily; parties do not pay; he sues for his debts, and between his losses and expenses, is soon in the *Gazette*. For some trifling cause, a domestic squabble, perhaps, in which he may not have been the party most to blame, a man is called on by a hasty magistrate to find securities in what, to him, is a large sum. Being unable to do so, he goes to prison, and his name and prospects are blighted for life. Or, perhaps, from the worthiest motive, though in weakness, a man allows himself to be bound for some friend; the friend proves a scoundrel, and in this case also he is ruined. To make some profit of a small capital, a man takes a few shares in a joint-stock; fortune proves adverse, and the adventure fails. The hard policy of our law holds him answerable, not merely in proportion to his own share in the concern, but for the whole liabilities of the company; and thus, again, he is ruined.

Knowing the natural discontent which any administration of law is sure to produce, can anything equal the hairbrained folly and injustice of this passage except its gross absurdity? A man, it is said, is ruined by bringing an action against a rich neighbour who has impounded his cattle or broken his fence. How is this effected? "His advisers foment the strife, he litigates." In

other words, we suppose, he ruins himself in attorney's bills. This surely is the fault of the attorney, and not of the law; unless indeed Mr. Barham thinks that in such cases the law should discourage litigation by refusing a remedy, or that it should furnish legal advice gratis to all people who choose to ask for it. The next complaint is, that a small legacy is left a man—he loses it through "a quibble"—and is ruined by costs. Hard names prove nothing, and before joining in thus denouncing the "quibble," one would like to know what the adverse claimant thought of it. Unless it can be shown that "quibbles" favour the rich as rich, against the poor as poor, we do not know how this instance helps Mr. Barham. With respect to the costs, as he chose to write on the subject, it was his business to know that legacies not exceeding 50*l.* may be recovered very cheaply in a county court. A third man is ruined, because, "new to business he gives credit too easily," and has to sue his debtors. Ought the law to prevent his giving credit, or to forbid him to sue his debtors, or to enable him to take their goods in a summary way, and not allow them to retaliate if he came to owe money in his turn? The most wonderful case of all is that of the man who gives security for "a scoundrel" and is ruined by being sued on the security. Suppose he had lent the money, and the law had refused to ruin his debtor's security, how would Mr. Barham have liked that? What right has a man who runs on in this empty-headed way to rail at the institutions not only of his country, but of society at large? Does it never occur to him that it is a very serious thing indeed to excite men's passions against the society in which they live—that it is, in fact, scattering firebrands, and arrows, and death, without the poor excuse of being in sport?

Mr. Barham's arguments are mostly of this fragile nature, though he maintains here and there sound economical views long ago established by Mr. Mill and other well-known writers. But apart from the argumentative defects of the book, it appears to us to embody with great distinctness one of the most prevalent and most pernicious fallacies of the day—a fallacy which is all the more dangerous because it bears with it a great appearance of philosophy. Its general character is that it maintains that, by passing laws which would ultimately prevent the accumulation of large fortunes and destroy those which already exist, a sort of simple and uniform level of wealth would be produced, which would secure substantial comfort to all, and prevent any one person from insulting his poorer neighbour by the possession of large means. We hold this doctrine to proceed to an immense extent on the meanest of all principles—pure and simple envy. The base and odious impatience of the prosperity of others has far more to do with the matter than the desire of a more widely extended level of competence; and this is plainly proved by the consideration that, under the existing state of things, there is an enormous quantity of comfort and well-being in this country. There are probably a larger number of persons in receipt of moderate incomes in England than in any other part of the world except America. A clever workman, or a sober, healthy, and industrious labourer, is as independent and as sure of employment here as any existing class of men. There are hundreds of thousands of clerks, small shopkeepers, and other persons engaged in commerce and agriculture amongst us, who live in substantial comfort. It is therefore simply and ludicrously false to speak of England as being a nation where nothing but the extremes of poverty and riches are to be found. Apart from this, all this moderate welfare arises from the application of the very same principles that produce the large fortunes which so much scandalize Mr. Barham; nor would it be possible to lay down any rule which would prevent the banker or manufacturer from realizing his hundreds of thousands, which would not also prevent the shopkeeper from retiring to his villa in the suburbs, or the mechanic from saving the means of support in old age from the large wages which he earns during the vigour of his manhood. So long as the liberty to accumulate, and the liberty of disposing of what is accumulated, are left untouched, it will be simply impossible to avoid the occurrence of large fortunes. If, on the other hand, restrictions are once admitted, it is impossible to say where they are to stop. They would soon come to bear quite as hardly on the mechanic who earns his forty shillings a week as on the landlord of half a county. It is, no doubt, one of the strictest of all truths (though Mr. Barham expects people to deny it) that luxury or unproductive expenditure consumes instead of increasing the national wealth; but it is totally false that by destroying unproductive expenditure a redistribution of the national wealth would follow. If what Mr. Barham and other inexact writers absurdly call the law of primogeniture were abolished to-morrow, no perceptible difference would arise unless the power of testamentary disposition were also taken away, and all the property in the kingdom entailed by Act of Parliament in equal shares on the children of the present possessors. In order to prove that such a measure would relieve the wants of day-labourers and mechanics, it is necessary to contend that those classes are principally composed of the younger sons of landed proprietors. To say that the Duke of Bedford, or the Duke of Devonshire, fattens on the poverty of a thousand day-labourers is neither more nor less true than to say that a maiden lady who has an annuity of 100*l.* a-year in the funds fattens on the poverty of two.

It is quite in our power to pass laws which would call into existence a large additional number of people neither much more nor much less well off than the poorest class of our present population, but it is the wildest and not the most harmless of

* *Philadelphia*; or, the Claims of Humanity. A Plea for Social and Religious Reform. By Thomas Foster Barham, M.B. Cantab. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

dreams to suppose that any kind of legislation will ever change England into a nation of quiet, prudent, well-to-do peasants, vegetating in a coarse and contented plenty, and increasing neither in wealth nor in numbers. France, with its stay-at-home unadventurous population, Switzerland or Norway, with little habitable territory and a population of which every member is brought into actual contact with nature, may maintain a state of things bearing some analogy to this; but England and America are the gold tables of the world, where men play for high stakes and where the whole system of life unavoidably requires that the natural inequalities of personal character should be represented on a large scale in the distribution of property.

In such a state of society the custom (for it is no more) of primogeniture is a highly useful regulator, as it was once a most important stimulant, of that part of the national energy which is devoted to the production of wealth. If all local associations and traditions were destroyed, all old landmarks pulled up, all large estates parcelled out into such holdings as might be most convenient in an exclusively mercantile point of view, the result would be not what we see in France, but what we see in America. In trying to realize the dream of becoming a sort of gigantic Auburn, where every rood of land would maintain its man, we should turn the country into a hateful cross between a cotton-factory and a Scotch farm, inhabited not by a poetical peasantry, but by a set of cis-Atlantic Yankees, devoutly believing that there is no God but Dollar, and that John Bright is his prophet.

If, however, Mr. Barham's dream were realized, and we did develop ourselves into a nation of rather comfortable farmers, with plenty to eat, drink, and wear, a prospect of maintaining a small family with no great trouble, an adequate knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a fair allowance of mechanics' institutes, can any one doubt that we should be one of the coarsest, most riotous, and stupidest nations in the world? Give an Englishman plenty to do, and he is one of the kings of the earth—turn him out to grass, and he becomes offensive and lubberly. The population of the country where the fowls flew about roasted, crying Come, eat me, were not, if we remember rightly, a very desirable race, nor did it improve Jeshurun's behaviour to wax fat. If we were all quite prosperous and comfortable, does Mr. Barham really think that our next step would be to pass our spare time in improving our minds in hearing him lecture on the beauty of morality and the truths of Catholic Christianity? We suspect that the flesh and the devil would have a good deal to say on that head, even if their old friend the world were converted by the new arrangement.

We must not be understood to admit the correctness of Mr. Barham's view of the effects of our existing system on the condition of the labouring classes. Like many other writers, he leaves out of sight one side of the account. France, we are told, has "distanced us handsomely in the race of civilization," because there are in France upwards of 5,000,000 of peasant proprietors. Without going into the general question of small holdings, we may observe that to the poorest labouring man in the country there are enormous set-offs against the fact that he does not inherit a share of a small farm which would probably be mortgaged nearly up to its value. To say nothing of the advantages of a better and more settled government, it is an indisputable truth that a great proportion of the wealth, and an enormous proportion of the enterprise of this country, are owing to the custom of primogeniture. This wealth and enterprise have supplied the labouring population with such markets for their labour as belong to no other population in the world, and have raised their wages and their notions of comfort to a level quite peculiar to themselves. An English common soldier, an English prisoner, an English pauper expects and obtains far better food than many a landowner on the Continent; an English agricultural labourer is one of the longest-lived of mankind; and if he is dissatisfied with his position, there are four or five other Englands owing their existence to the system said to oppress him, which will be only too happy to accept his services. Mr. Barham rates these advantages at a very low value if he says that they are worth less than a contingent interest, shared with several other persons, in a piece of land worth 10*l.* or 12*l.* a year.

In concluding our observations on this weak and not innocent book, we may glance at Mr. Barham's theory of "Catholic Christianity." It is a very skinny sort of Unitarianism, and it rests, as we have already observed, on the assumption, first, that there are certain great Christian doctrines common to all creeds, and, secondly, that no doctrine which rests upon a disputed inference from Scripture can be essential. Suppose there were several portraits, each with a different outline, and drawn from a different point of view, but each with a sufficient general resemblance to show that they were meant for the same person, does Mr. Barham suppose that he would obtain a likeness by striking out all that was not found in each picture? Such a process would give not a portrait, but a mere shapeless blot, of which it would probably be a compliment to say that it vaguely resembled a human face. The illustration precisely fits Mr. Barham's proposition. Many views may be taken of the relations between God and man, between this life and the next, between Christians and the Founder of Christianity; but a bare recognition of the fact that such persons and things probably exist appears little likely to be of use to any one.

FRASER'S RATIONAL PHILOSOPHY.*

PHYSICAL Science is particularly triumphant just at present. It has achieved marvellous victories, and earned a well-merited popularity. The practical English mind recognises its practical importance. Its results are such as can be seen and felt. It comes into contact with our food, our dwellings, our machinery of locomotion, and above all, with our pockets. It is no wonder that it is popular in this country—it would be wonderful if it were otherwise, and still more wonderful if it were altogether free from the evils attendant on popularity. It would be strange indeed if physical science, after having been ventilated in monster meetings, puffed by the press, lauded in post-prandial orations, and smiled upon by Royalty, were not occasionally elated in an unseemly manner. We could scarcely blame it if, as the result of such universal adulation, it now and then forgot itself, or, more properly speaking, remembered itself and forgot the existence of everything else. Physical science has been loudly extolled as tending to enlarge and liberalize the mind; and that is unquestionably its natural and legitimate tendency. And yet we have never met with anything more narrow and illiberal than the tone in which it has occasionally been our misfortune to hear even distinguished students of the natural sciences speaking of other branches of human learning which have at least an equal claim to the attention of the scholar, and, we may add, a result at least as real, if not so tangible, upon the fortunes of mankind.

We are glad to find a claim to a hearing advanced on behalf of a class of studies which are so far from having shared, in modern times at least, the popularity of physical science, that the majority of educated Englishmen they are almost a *terra incognita*. The very names of "science" and "philosophy," which would in ancient times have been refused to a system founded upon an experimental basis, are in the popular language of the present day, barely conceded to logic and metaphysics; it is well, indeed, if these studies are not mentioned with a sneer, and consigned to the same class with astrology and alchemy. Professor Fraser's little work may be regarded as furnishing the inquirer with virtual answers to the following questions—"What is Logic?" "What are Metaphysics?" "How are they mutually related?" It does this in as plain language as is consistent with the obscurity of the subject. That is to say, the difficulties do not result from the use of technical terms, and require nothing for their solution but attention on the part of the student. Consequently we think that it merits the attention of the general reader, and that its utility is by no means limited to the class of persons for whom it was originally intended. It was designed, indeed, as we learn from the preface, for academical students of mental philosophy, and in the first instance actually took the form of a University lecture. The author, however, considers that it is capable of being made more widely useful. He says:—

I was led to believe that the finger-posts which I have tried to erect on the confines of Rational or Intellectual Philosophy, might help one who is entering that region in his search for answers to questions about the kind of study pursued there, its past and present condition, the aims and contents of logic and metaphysics as philosophical sciences, their internal relations, as well as their connexion with one another, with the intellectual history of man, and with an abatement of the error and ignorance by which that history is disfigured. These are questions which rise in the mind of the considerate student, and to which in the present confused state of logical and metaphysical literature in this country, it is not easy for him to find answers.

The nature and mutual relations of these two studies are thus clearly and concisely stated:—

Rational philosophy, as that term is used by me, is a search for Ultimate Truth, or that unity of Reason which is conceived to be the reward of the philosophical impulse. It seeks its appropriate intellectual satisfaction through two studies, namely, Logic, or the philosophical science of the Laws by which the Understanding or faculty of Thought must, as such, be ruled and restrained; and METAPHYSICS, or the philosophical science of Real Existence, as revealed to the Understanding in Belief. Logic is the science of formal truth; metaphysics is the science of real truth. In the one, we contemplate the harmony of thought with its own necessary conditions; in the other, the last relations of the real universe to the universal beliefs of Reason. The former contains the venerable science, long associated with the name of Aristotle, and now much elaborated, under the name of Formal Logic. In the latter study, in which also Aristotle takes a conspicuous place, we contemplate the phases of being that are apprehended by the understanding in space or time; with the view to learn whether the real world can be comprehended in a mind that is logically ruled and restrained. In Logic, we study the capacity of thought; in Metaphysics, the relation of finite thought to existence.

This, then, is the nature of that branch of speculative science which Professor Fraser comprises under the general name of Rational Philosophy; and these are the mutual relations of the two studies to which that term is applied in common. No man can have read with any attention the history either of human opinion or of human civilization without observing the important part played by mental philosophy in moulding the one and in advancing the other. Professor Fraser, addressing a Scottish academical audience, enumerates the three principal studies which give life to "the organization for Scottish liberal education." He appears to imply that the same studies would naturally form the staple of an ideal education, as he speaks of them as the "three organs of universal study," and as the "permanent and

* *Rational Philosophy in History and in System: an Introduction to a Logical and Metaphysical Course.* By Alexander C. Fraser, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh. 1858.

universal heritage of mankind." These are classics, mathematics and physics, and logic and metaphysics. They are enumerated in the foregoing order, and appear to constitute a climax in the mind of the writer. We are told that the last-mentioned group of studies "is the key to scientific theology, and also to the theory of the higher or University education." So much for the educational position of mental philosophy, and its relations to other lines of study. It strikes us, however, looking at Professor Fraser's arrangement from a non-Scottish point of view, that his division is by no means exhaustive. He can find no better place for the gigantic and overwhelming study of history than a subordinate and ambiguous position in connexion with the first or the last of the "three fundamental studies," according to the point of view from which we are pleased to regard it. We will not pay the learned Professor the bad compliment of insinuating that (to convert Dr. Arnold's elaborate simile into a metaphor) he has not been long enough in St. Peter's to estimate its magnitude. But we may venture to say, that if his division of studies is an adequate exponent of the provision for liberal education in Scotland, there is at least one great deficiency in the academical system of that country.

As regards the nature of philosophical study, Professor Fraser has some very just remarks. Mental philosophy cannot be learned by rote—it cannot be *crammed* out of text-books and manuals. What is learned in this way is not philosophy, but just so many words. He says—

Spoken or written words can convey philosophical truth only when the state of mind that corresponds to them is excited by *reflection* in the mind of the hearer or reader. Men are not trained in philosophy by a mechanical drill of routine examinations and exercises. Philosophical discipline, as reflective, is a series of experiments shared between the hearer or reader and the speaker or author; and its oral or written exercises are valuable as far as they are organs of reflective sympathy.

It would be well if those who have the direction of the logico-metaphysical studies in our Universities would bear these golden words in mind. In Scotland, indeed, we are told that the pupil emulates the teacher in the ardour with which he makes such "experiments" upon himself; but in Oxford (for studies of this class have barely yet been naturalized at Cambridge) nothing can be more deplorable than the want of "sympathy" between "the hearer or reader and the speaker or author." The examinations, which ought to check this evil, and do so to a certain extent, are perpetually revealing it. This may be owing in some manner to the retention of the Aristotelian philosophy in that place, and to the dry and technical form in which it is cast. We are far, however, from wishing that Oxford should abandon the position which she has maintained, for we believe, in spite of this and other incidental disadvantages, that her system, if rightly administered, is more likely to produce exact and patient thinkers than any other. Professor Fraser contrasts the Scottish system with that pursued at Oxford, and gives each its due share of credit:—

A course of pure philosophical study may start either from modern and prevailing forms of thought, or from the long revered records of ancient speculation. The former plan invites the student to work backwards into the past; the latter, to work onwards into the present. Each has its advantages. The one is perhaps best adapted to the *professorial* system, and to a comprehensive course of doctrine; the other, to the *tutorial* method, and a course of exact study. The current philosophy of Western Europe is the point of departure for one; Aristotle and Greek thought is the usual point of departure for the other. The former plan is adopted by the Scottish Universities, and the latter by Oxford; and if Scotland has been deficient in philosophical learning, Oxford has not yet produced an independent school of philosophy.

Our author boldly takes up the gauntlet in defence of his favourite studies against the contemptuous treatment of the votaries of physical science, to which we have already adverted. He observes:—

It is now a fashion to affirm that the philosophical world has been travelling in darkness for ages, and that unless, without longer delay, the full blaze of light descends upon the road, we and our successors may give up the journey in despair. We are taunted with the state of metaphysical doctrine—either stagnant or moving in a circle—and are challenged to emulate the *onward progress* which the record of the physical sciences during the last three centuries discloses.

From much in this representation of the past and present in philosophy I must humbly, but firmly, express my dissent. It appears to be founded on an oversight of the essential nature of this kind of knowledge, and consequently of its history, which disables from a just estimate either of its past evolutions or its present condition. There is another side to the picture. A confession of metaphysical weakness and sterility in the past, and an acknowledgment of far surpassing success in the mathematical and physical sciences are, I believe, both erroneous—when success is measured by the highest standard, and when the education of the inner life is distinguished from the amelioration of our outward circumstances. Bacon himself acknowledges that the progress of all sciences depends upon the cultivation of the first philosophy. He complains, in his comprehensive review of human knowledge, that "men have abandoned universality or summary philosophy, which cannot but *cease and stop all progression*. For no perfect discovery can be made upon a flat or level; neither is it possible to discover the *more remote or deeper parts of any science*, if you stand long upon the level of that same science, and ascend not to a higher."

It is proposed to show, in this academical course, that the reverse of what is alleged in the popular charge may be reasonably held. I hope to prove, in the end, that no sphere of mental labour can record a longer series of illustrious successes than rational philosophy; when a true interpretation is applied to the historical phenomena, and when success is judged by the highest intellectual standard.

The physical sciences, on the contrary, are for the most part only struggling in the infancy of what is doubtless destined to be a long and victorious career. The victories of reason in the world of nature are but of yesterday. And even at the best, as Hume profoundly remarks, "the most perfect philosophy of the

natural kind only staves off our *IGNORANCE* a little longer; as, perhaps, the most perfect philosophy of the *moral or metaphysical* kind only serves to discover larger portions of it."

This sentence by Hume should be in our thoughts when we criticise the history of knowledge. A discovery, by means of reflection and mental experiment, of the *limits* of knowledge is the highest and most universally applicable discovery of all: it is the one through which our intellectual life most strikingly blends with the moral and practical part of human nature. Progress in knowledge is often paradoxically indicated by a diminution in the *apparent bulk* of what we know. Whatever helps to work off the dregs of false opinion, and to purify the intellectual mass—whatever deepens our conviction of our infinite ignorance—really adds to, although it sometimes seems to diminish, the rational possessions of man. This is the highest kind of merit that is claimed for philosophy, by its earliest as well as by its latest representatives. It is by this standard that Socrates and Kant measure the chief result of their toil.

We have lingered over the introductory portion of the lecture—some five-and-twenty pages out of one hundred and thirty—because it appears to us that a better idea of the whole may be derived from this more general portion than from any cursory examination of the details. It remains, however, to indicate the course taken by the author, and the characteristics of the school of which he is a disciple. The lecture professes to consider in general terms the study of "Rational Philosophy in *History* and in *System*." That is to say, in the first place, it gives a sketch of the oscillations in speculative opinion to which allusion was made in the extract last quoted, and which have elicited the scorn of the physical philosopher, and draws the inference from these facts which they appear to justify. It then proceeds to give a rough outline of a system of mental philosophy, both pure and applied. It treats of pure philosophy under its two heads of *Logic*—"the easiest of the sciences," so long as it is confined to *Formal Logic*, the science of the necessary relations of Thought, though more difficult as requiring a series of reflective experiments in the thinkers, at the point where it comes into contact with metaphysical science—and *METAPHYSICS*, or the Philosophical Science of Real Existence." By applied philosophy the lecturer understands the study of the causes of error and ignorance, and of the means of abating them.

As regards the views of the writer, they are perhaps best developed in the historical portion of the essay. It is in this part also that he meets the allegations of antagonists which have been stated already:—

Every genuine philosophical system is the result of an effort to represent the universe in its deepest and truest aspect in relation to Reason. In philosophy the ultimate aim—through many apparently devious windings and mazes—is to determine what is meant *at bottom* by the so-called Real Existence which appears in innumerable forms, which every human action assumes, and on which life reposes.

Two contradictory answers are given to this question, according to the individual experience, the mental characteristics, or the intellectual antecedents of the inquirer. He arrives either at the dogmatic conclusion that he can account for everything, and constructs a system to be adapted to the phenomena as it best may, or at the sceptical conclusion that he can account for nothing, and that nothing can be accounted for. In the one case he maintains the omnipotence, in the other the impotence of reason. These are the two poles between which philosophy is ever oscillating, and perhaps will ever oscillate. This is the true interpretation of the ever varying-succession of shifting systems to which the mathematician and the physical philosopher point in scorn. The former state of mind generates theories, schools, and systems, which it is the office of the other to check, test, and sift. A third and intermediate type of thought is developed by the perpetual collisions between dogmatism on the one hand and scepticism on the other—a Catholic Philosophy, as the author calls it, and one to which he professes his adherence. This recognises the power of human reason within certain limits, and does not refuse to make use of it within those limits, while it frankly admits its inability to solve the fundamental problems of existence. Where the understanding fails, the Catholic Philosophy has recourse to belief to supply its deficiencies. It is compelled, and it is willing, to postulate certain data which it is unable to support. Accordingly it sees a certain element of truth in every philosophical system, and even in scepticism, or the negation of system, so far as it denies in each whatever it involves of falsehood or exclusiveness. It is to this quality, and to its essential nature, as a balance between opposites, that it owes its character of catholicity. Two great names are cited by Professor Fraser in illustration of this view of the subject:—

I have found [says Leibnitz] that the greater number of philosophical sects are right in much which they affirm, but not in what they deny. I flatter myself that I have penetrated into the harmony of the different realms of philosophy, and have discovered that both parties are right, if they only would not exclude each other.

There are [says Cousin] no absolutely false, but many incomplete systems—systems true in themselves, but vicious in their pretence each to comprehend that absolute truth which recognises itself through them all. The incomplete, and therefore the exclusive, is the one fundamental vice of philosophy, or, to speak more accurately, of the philosophers. . . . Each system reflects the real, but unhappily reflects it only under a single angle.

It would be superfluous to attempt a further analysis of a work which professes to be no more than an analytical sketch of the course of teaching to which it is introductory. May we venture, in conclusion, to express a hope that the author may be induced to regard the lecture before us as introductory to something of a more detailed and extended character, not only in his class-room at Edinburgh, but in the wider arena of English literature.

HANDBOOK FOR SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

Second Notice.

THERE are three courses open for the consideration of the tourist *partant pour la Syrie*. He may enter his field of operation from the north, in autumn, by Antioch and Beyrout, and travel southward as the heat declines. Or he may commence with the south, in spring, and follow the coolness as it recedes northward into the ranges of Lebanon. Or he may take the middle course of landing at Jaffa and going straight to Jerusalem, to radiate thence in a northerly or southerly direction as taste and circumstance may determine. We recommend him, with Mr. Porter, Mr. Stanley, and the Israelites, to adopt the second plan—invading Palestine from the side of Egypt, and performing as the prelude to his tour a short pilgrimage in the Peninsula of Sinai. A winter spent among the unchangeable scenery of the Nile, and the formation of even a slight acquaintance with the monumental history of the Pharaohs who reigned before the date of the Exodus, constitute a far more suitable immediate preparation for the traveller who would duly penetrate the “Asian mystery” than a comfortable passage from Marseilles or Trieste in a French or Austrian mail-steamer. And the strangeness and even the monotony of desert travel, as well as the entire novelty to European eyes of desert landscape, have the power in a few days to acclimatize the temperament and, we might almost say, the character of the traveller.

As we are not writing a biblical guide-book ourselves, we need not follow Mr. Porter through the details of the contest between Lepsius and other antiquarians as to the rights of Mount Serbal or Mount Sinai to the honours of the “Mount of the Law.” Nor need we add a fresh theory to the overgrown pile of speculations on the rude scratches of man, beast, and written character to be seen along the cliffs of the Wady Mokatteb, and in other parts of the Peninsula, and commonly known as the Sinaitic or Nabathæan inscriptions. The only *datum* for the determination of their origin is the fact of their existence being mentioned by Cosmas in the sixth century of the Christian era. Even the prevalence of typical crosses among the characters is a point on which the evidence is most conflicting. So slight and rude is the general style of the inscriptions, that careful and even curious observers have actually passed through the valley without discovering them. One of Mr. Stanley’s companions, fired with artistic emulation, scooped out in the rock the copy of a horse, which was pronounced by his fellow-travellers superior to the original, in less than ten minutes. Slight as they are, they have lasted long enough to make the inquisitive latter days hopelessly demand a reason for their existence. Christian pilgrims on their route to Serbal or Sinai, Israelites wandering in the wilderness and talking Mr. Foster’s primeval language, or, as Mr. Porter jocularly suggests, some practical joker of no time in particular, purposing solely to puzzle indeterminate future generations—who put them there? Within the last year or two, as Mr. Porter tells us, inscriptions of a similar style and character have been discovered by Mr. Graham in the wilderness of Harrah, on the eastern side of the Hauraan. If the alleged identity of the characters stands the test of a close examination, the theory of the Israelites of the Exodus, and that of the Christian pilgrims, are alike disposed of, unless we extend the wanderings of Moses far eastward, after the victory over Og, King of Bashan. There are persons to whom the confirmation afforded to Scriptural history by the figure among Sheshonk’s captives which philological hierophants have ingeniously twisted into Rehoboam, is a subject of more interesting contemplation than all the noble ruins and all the other dynastic memories of Karnak put together; and there are those to whom the assumed connexion of the Wady Mokatteb inscriptions with the Exodus of Moses is the most absorbing idea presented during the whole tour of the Peninsula of Sinai. To such no adequate consolation can be offered. Without irreverently subscribing to the theory of the jocular practitioner on the credulity of unborn ages, we feel bound to suggest that there is not a particle of evidence to show that the Nabathæan inscriptions bear more reference to any fact of the slightest practical importance or interest in the world’s known or unknown history than did the celebrated mare’s nest of Mr. Pickwick, which proved, on serious study, to be “Bill Stumps his mark.”

To the mind of the traveller from the West a curious theory of existence presents itself in the spectacle offered by Greek convents generally; but in no case, except perhaps in Mount Athos, can the feeling of entire remoteness from human interest, of absolute non-sympathy with the flow of this world’s history and business, be so strong as in the desert of Sinai. If the present family of man were to die out, and carry with it all records but those piled in stone, the meaning of the monasteries which stud the sides of the Holy Mountain, and of the Convent of St. Catherine, would be as dark and unconstruable to the explorers of a new race as the Sinaitic inscriptions are to ourselves.

But we cannot afford to be ungrateful to the Nabathæans, who have left us their wonderful rock-city of Petra to admire—and to enjoy, if their successors, the Fellaheen Arabs, would allow us to do so quietly. One of the most singular and beautiful cities in the world, well known till the sixth century of our era, lay for twelve centuries as deeply buried in invisibility as Hercules in the ashes of Vesuvius, until it was rediscovered by

Burckhardt in 1812. The memory (says Mr. Porter, as becomes a conscientious clergyman) of poor Burckhardt’s difficulties “may well stimulate our ardour in these more fortunate days, though we cannot but lament the schemes and falsehoods by which he thought proper to remove or overcome them. The Fellaḥ who guided him had been fed by a pair of old horse-shoes, and carried in his arms a kid for sacrifice at the tomb of Aaron—the ostensible object of the visit: while Burckhardt himself trudged along on foot with a skin of water on his shoulders.” We fear tourists might yet be found who would readily sacrifice a kid to Aaron, if by so doing they could satisfy the rapacity of all the dwellers under the shadow of Mount Hor. For if there is one place in Syria where the foreigner is fleeced for the benefit of the native, it is Petra; and the fleecing is accompanied by every kind of threat, and almost every degree of violence. Nor does the infliction end when the victim is shorn of his last piastre. The tormentors naturally never think they have had enough; but, with not quite so excusable logic, they never seem to think that they have got all that is to be had. It is hard to pay so much for seeing Petra, but harder both to pay and to be worried till you give up the attempt to see. This is what is to be seen, if the traveller does not retire in despair:—

We descend the glen through a street of tombs, whose sculptured façades and dark doorways line the sombre cliffs and insulated peaks on each side; while fig-trees of deepest green shoot out from chinks in the rock above, and luxuriant oleanders almost fill up the path below. At some 300 paces from the entrances the ravine opens into a little amphitheatre, seemingly wholly shut in by rocky walls, except at the spot where we enter. The brook, however, continues its course, and the eye following it detects a narrow cleft in the opposite wall, through which it disappears. Following it, we pass a projecting rock, and suddenly find ourselves at the entrance of a terrific chasm, formed, as it would seem, by the rending of the mountain from summit to centre. The width is only about twelve feet, increasing in places to twenty or thirty. The sides are perpendicular or overhanging walls of deep red sandstone, at first about 100 feet high, but gradually increasing to 300. . . . Remains of ancient pavement cover the bottom, once the highway to a proud city: along the sides are niches hewn in the cliff to receive the statues of the good and great; and tablets, too, are there, once inscribed with the records of their deeds: on the left is an aqueduct tunnelled in the rock, and high up on the right is a conduit of earthen pipes let into the precipice. These, the works of man, are now all ruinous and time-worn: statue and inscription, form, name, and story, are alike gone. The products of nature are alone perennial; for while the monuments of man are all spoiled, the delicate branches of the caper-plant hang down as fresh and beautiful from the chinks in the rock as they did two thousand years ago; and the foliage of the wild fig and tamarisk is as rich, and the flower of the oleander as gaudy, as they were when the Princes of Edom dwelt in the clefts of the rocks, and held in pride the height of the hill.

After winding through a mile of this ravine, the noblest rock-edifice of Petra bursts upon the view:—

A rosy tinted rock appears between the perpendicular walls of the chasm, within a huge niche of which stands the noble façade of the great temple. . . . With consummate skill have the architects of Petra availed themselves of remarkable natural formation to dazzle the stranger as he emerges from an all but subterranean defile, by the enchanting prospect of one of their noblest monuments. The rosy tint of the pettico, sculptured pediment, and statues overhead, contrasts finely with the darker masses of rugged cliff above and around, and the deep green of the vegetation at its base. The monument is in wonderful preservation; some of the most delicate details of the carving are as fresh and sharp as if executed yesterday.

Such is Petra—a sight which none who have seen it forget, and of which few who have not seen it can understand the beauty. As yet the hope of acquiring a vicarious familiarity with its strange details is but small; for where it is difficult for the tourist to snatch a hurried glance, it is impossible for the artist or photographer to linger. The path from Akabah has been virtually closed for some years; and though the road from Hebron is not absolutely impassable, but only unsafe, the conditions of a prolonged stay among the ruins are equally unendurable. Mr. Lear, the adventurous and indefatigable sketcher in so many of the lands that border the Mediterranean, whose drawings and pictures will some day be more universally known for their conscientious truth of detail and their peculiar and exquisite felicity in grasping the character of scenery, succeeded lately (we believe) in visiting Petra from this side, but found a lengthened stay not only dangerous, but impracticable. Every fresh tourist who wantonly places himself within the necessity of enduring the ever-growing extortions of the Fellaheen does his best to promulgate among them an inverted law of political economy, by which the demand for backshish will always be increasing in even a greater ratio than the supply.

There are, however, among the dwellers in the lands through which Mr. Porter’s Handbook carries us, many who form a most agreeable contrast to the filthy and greedy Yahoos of Petra. The Druzes of the Hauraan, with whom, as escort and entertainers, the traveller in that interesting region must unavoidably be in familiar contact, retain many of the characteristic virtues of a free race of mountaineers under a feudal or rather patriarchal system. Their hereditary Sheikhs, in whose hands lies the almost absolute government of the country, receive all accredited Frank travellers with profuse hospitality. To the English, whom they rightly consider as their best friends and protectors, they are extremely partial. The native courtesy of the Druzes may be estimated from the following anecdote. Some years ago, says Mr. Porter, a chief of Yuntah (a Druze village on Mount Hermon), committed a most cold-blooded murder by night in a house in some adjoining village; but, “having learned the next day that the English Consul of Damascus had been sleeping in an adjoining room, he sent him a polite apology for having unconsciously disturbed his repose, and assured him that had he known

the Consul was there, he would have postponed his work to a more suitable season." The high-breeding of the most polished European duellist could hardly have gone further in the ages when civilized murder was committed with the greatest punctilio. For the hospitality which they offer as a matter of course, and which it would be an insult to refuse, any payment in money to the Druze nobles themselves is out of the question. Special tokens of regard and esteem from the departing guest, such as gunpowder, pistols, a telescope, or a rifle, are gracefully accepted; but they are accepted as *ἀγλαὰ δῶρα*, not expected as the price of the performance of a simple duty towards the stranger. The lower classes are more content to receive money for service done; but as attendants, or escort, they deserve their pay, for invariable diligence, good faith, obligingness, and bravery in behalf of their employer. Under Druze guidance he may safely visit even those parts of the Hauran which are tenanted by the wandering Arab, such as the curious rocky region of the Lejah. A barren field of black basalt, some twenty miles long and fourteen wide, stretching across the rich but uncultivated prairie, at a general level of twenty or thirty feet above the plain—rugged, rolling, and rent, like the lava-fields of Vesuvius or Etna—dotted here and there with stunted trees, which only bring out more forcibly the general grimness of its desolation—is the Lejah, as described by Mr. Porter. It is Trachonitis, or Argob, a heap of stones; and here are yet to be seen many of the "three-score great cities" of Argob, "with walls and brazen bars;" among them the city of the giant Og. Let us enter for a moment one of these deserted dwelling-places, Burák, the "City of the Cisterns," which Mr. Porter gives us as a fair specimen of the style of all.

Many of the houses are perfect as the day they were built. We may go into one of them, stable our horses in one apartment, make a kitchen of another, a dining-room of a third, a bedroom of a fourth, shut the doors and pass the night in peace. The walls are built of large squared blocks of basalt, almost hard as iron; the flat roof is composed of long slabs of the same material, neatly hewn, and closely fitted: the doors are also stone, from six inches to a foot in thickness, and hung upon pivots projecting above and below, and working in sockets in the lintel and threshold, like all the gates and doors in Syria. It would take too much labour to overthrow such buildings. The Arab's inherent laziness masters his love for desolation, and he lets them alone, enjoying a melancholy satisfaction in seeing them deserted.

The antiquarian has no clue to fix the date of these imperishable buildings. "They may be of any age from Noah to Mohammed"—a period which gives room enough for the imagination of the most speculative reader. Stone roofs and doors, and even window-shutters, working neatly in their sockets, and the occurrence of semi-circular arches to support the roofs of the larger chambers, as well as the possession of implements requisite for working in such a material as basalt, point to an advanced civilization, whatever may have been its era. The gloomy, silent nature of the country, and the congenial gloom of the deserted towns, built out of the one raw material which forms the country itself, might lead an imaginative visitor to suppose himself set down among the habitations and the handywork of the Jinn who work all the miracles in the veracious *Arabian Nights*.

Another city has yet to be spoken of which falls within the limits of Mr. Porter's instructive volumes—the reputed oldest city now extant. The servant of Abraham came from Damascus. It is not only the oldest, but the most beautiful and brightest of cities, say all eastern travellers. The Spanish proverb—

Quien no ha visto a Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla,

ought to be adapted for the glorification of the Damascenes in an Arabic paraphrase. No one has seen the brilliancy and gracefulness of sparkling colours harmoniously mixed who has not seen the sky, scenery, architecture, and costumes of Damascus. On the evidence of a five years' resident, as well as of other less partial witnesses, we are ready to submit to the dogma. Whoever will read for himself the glowing description of the first view of Damascus, given at page 459 of the *Handbook*, will sympathize as strongly as its writer with the appreciation shown by the Syrian Naaman of the ornate glories of Albana and Pharpar.

In reviewing these volumes we have only skirted along the less familiar border-lands of ordinary Syrian travel. But if our readers are enterprising enough to follow our advice and example, and read the work for themselves, we can assure them they will find every portion of it so carefully, picturesquely, and suggestively done as amply to repay their attentive perusal.

THE RUSSIAN NOBILITY.*

THIS little book may be best described as an incomplete attempt at the production of a Russian Peerage. It is said to have been written in French by Prince Paul Dolgorouky; and the date assigned for its authorship is 1843. As a description of existing facts, the book therefore is already out of date. But the interest at present felt about Russia made it probable that the public would give a certain welcome to any account of the native nobility by one of their own order. Fortunately the work in question is rather a record of the families, indicating their extraction and services, than a mere chronicle of deaths, births, and marriages. It is therefore very readable, and its shortness will be no drawback with the general reader.

* A *Handbook of the Principal Families in Russia*. London: Ridgway.

But another motive no doubt influenced the republication. It is difficult to state positively (for there is an affectation of mystery about the editorship), but the contents suggest that two gentlemen have been employed on this edition—one to translate, annotate, and contribute a preface, and another to revise the English. The style and grammar, however, are so unreasonably bad as to imply that "the English editor" is not a native of England. "The translator" tells us that his protracted residence in a Russian harbour enabled him "to learn the Russian language and to study their history from materials inaccessible to the Western politicians." This we quite believe. But as he states further that "this is a book particularly to be handled by men who can sometimes check the author's conclusions by their own reasoning powers, and understand facts by their own previous knowledge," we shall venture to examine his performance critically from such materials as are accessible "to the Western politicians." This is the more necessary because the preface and editorial notes make up rather more than a fourth of the whole book.

In his notice of the Troubetskoy family, Prince P. Dolgorouky speaks of the War of Independence, "when all Russia defended herself against the enthroning at Moscow of the Polish dynasty, and against the inevitable consequence of this event, viz., the introduction of the Catholic creed." The translator protests indignantly in his note that "religious toleration was one of the most prominent features in the history of Poland. The bigoted Court of Sigismund might in vain indulge in a similar idea, for constitutional Poland was ruled by its nobility, who never were guilty of entertaining such a thought." It is no doubt true that the anarchy of the Polish nobles was often an obstacle to systematic intolerance. Nevertheless, the Russian Synod has brought a charge against the Poles of a wholesale persecution, which is declared to have extended down to the last epoch of Polish independence, and to have effected the forcible union of some two millions of the Greek Church to the Romish Communion. Confiscation of church property, public insults and outrages, and even massacres, are the counts in the indictment; "so that entire circles remained without any clergy, without the offering of the Bloodless Sacrifice, or any of the consolations of religion." Mr. Blackmore, who translated this document, thinks the charges proved. To take even less suspicious evidence—Count Krasinski's great work on the Polish Reformation is full of records of martyrdom; and Mr. Carlyle has lately revived the memory of the infamous persecution of Thorn. Polish history is not commonly studied, but "the translator" should not have relied on universal ignorance. Indeed, at page 87, he contradicts himself, by a statement that "the Court of Warsaw committed a signal fault in wishing to convert the Cossacks to the Greek religion. Hence the civil war, fanned by Russian intrigues." This note is another instance of audacious misstatement. The translator is speaking of the Malo-Russians. He begins by telling us that the country "has been much better civilized than Russia Proper, and received its best institutions from Poland." As a fact, the country has had no proper national existence, no literature, except a rather rich one of songs; and the people are generally despised for their tricky and cowardly character, and comparative barbarism. "Their language is more like the Polish than the Russian." It is no doubt intermediate between the two, but Schaffarik, Jungmann, and Max Müller class it with the Russian or Eastern, and not with the Polish or Western branch. Finally, we are told that "although somewhat united to the empire through the tie of religion, they cannot forget" "their ruined independent Church at Kieff;" "hence a formidable sect, called Staro-Viertzy (Old Believers), which is extended throughout the empire." This, of course, implies that the schism in question is derived from Little Russia. There is no historical authority for this. The sect is not a result of reaction against a foreign conqueror, but of national repugnance to church reforms in an European spirit; and the North and East of Russia in Europe—that is to say, the parts most remote from Little Russia, and inhabited by a different race—are the chief seats of the Staro-Viertzy. In fact, the school of Kieff is famous in Russian Church history, not for its conservative, but for its innovating tendencies.

It would be easy to multiply similar quotations, but those already given are probably sufficient to show that "the translator" is either a Pole or under Polish influences. This at once explains the absurd mystery in which so very simple a matter as the translation of a Russian peerage has been enveloped. Had the name of a Pole or any refugee appeared on the title-page, the world generally would have known in what sort of spirit the editorial notes ought to be received—we should hardly trust the editor of the *Nation* to give us a "catalogue raisonné" of the English aristocracy. In justice, however, to a performance which it has been our duty to criticise somewhat severely, it may be observed, that the mistakes often appear not to be deliberate misstatements, but the result of profound ignorance or carelessness. For instance, at p. 112, we are told that the famous Princess Daschkau "remained a faithful friend to the Empress, but as a woman, was an enemy to her conduct and bad reputation." Two Irish young ladies who wrote a highly-coloured biography of their friend, are quoted as the authority for this statement; and they no doubt affirmed it in perfect innocence. But the merest tyro in Russian history knows that the Princess Daschkau's friendship was the result of a disappointed ambition to supplant her sister as Peter III.'s mistress; and the greatest

service she rendered the conspiracy was through immorality so infamous as to outweigh the heaviest charge ever brought against Catherine herself. Such a woman was not likely to be consumed by the slow fires of virtuous indignation. She had a very sufficient grievance of her own. She had asked for the command of a regiment, and the Empress, who dreaded her ambition, by a gentle irony, made her President of the Russian Academy, instead of granting her request. Here it is evident that the mistake was the unintentional result of a harmless wish to correct Prince Paul Dolgorouky, who had spoken correctly enough of the Princess as "at first an intimate friend, and then the bitterest enemy of Catherine II." On the next page there is another mistake. Alexander Bezborodko, it is said, "born in the year 1774," "through his own merits was exalted" "to the dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, conferred upon him by Joseph II. in 1784." The merits must indeed have been great, which won such an honour for a boy eleven years old. But of what use is a double editorship if such inaccuracies are to stand uncorrected?

Prince Dolgorouky's part of the work appears to be very well done. The book is in no sense perfect, but it gives materials from which a better manual may be compiled at some future time. Even from such imperfect data, some curious facts may be gleaned. The author was able to collect details about as many as fifty-nine princely houses. Of these, thirty-four are descended from Rurik; four from Gudimine, the founder of the Jagellons; ten are princes of foreign extraction, Armenians and Georgians, whose titles are recognised in Russia; and eleven have been invested with the title since the accession of Peter the Great. The title of Count dates from that sovereign. Here, again, there seem to be fifty-nine families with the right to wear it, and three others are Counts of the Holy Roman Empire. This latter dignity seems to have been liberally bestowed. We have counted twelve families in all among those still extant who have been thus honoured. Besides Princes and Counts, there are two other orders of nobility without any distinct title. The origin of these is curious. During the 16th and 17th centuries all precedence at court, in office, and in the field, was decided by the official rank of the respective candidates, or by that which their ancestors had enjoyed; so that, for instance, a soldier whose father had been general necessarily commanded one who was only the son of a colonel, unless the latter's grandfather had been commander-in-chief. This absurd etiquette was so rigidly enforced that Prince Pojarski, who saved Russia from the Poles, was compelled to make a degrading apology to the Boyar Saltikoff for having infringed his rights. At last, in 1682, the Czar Theodore, on the report of a commission, persuaded the chambers to abolish the whole system. The patents of precedence were publicly burned; and a new copy of the family genealogies was made in a document called the Velvet Book. Families registered in this, but who have not received the title of Prince or Count, form the third class of the Russian nobility proper; and they are at present forty-three in number. In the fourth class are nine families of boyars whose pretensions are of undoubted antiquity, but who could not obtain admission into the Velvet Book. The lists of Polish and unrecognised Georgian Princes mention only fifteen houses of the first and ten of the latter; but the author admits that his materials were insufficient. Probably most will think that the list is sufficiently long. The omission of Count Nesselrode's name, which has excited some attention, is perhaps due to the fact that he is not a Russian subject. Of course changes are constantly taking place. For instance, we believe the Naryschkines have recently been admitted to the ranks of the titled nobility. Again, there is a long catalogue of eighty-three Princely houses, and thirty-three houses of Counts, which have become extinct. Among the latter are the names of Bruce and Fernor.

It may serve to give our countrymen some idea of the value of foreign titles, to know that the long list we have enumerated is merely that of the hereditary Russian noblesse. Beneath this aristocracy, and in the position of our gentry and professional men, is the countless crowd of officials and official families, who are all technically noble—the Emperor's coachman, the private who has attained the rank of major, and the successful Government clerk. Prince Paul Dolgorouky often launches out into sarcasms against men of this order when they have risen into the highest grade of all. His "skeleton in the house" appears to be an Armenian family, who claim descent from Artaxerxes Longimanus, and have, accordingly, been allowed by Paul to add to their name the suffix Dolgorouky (long-handed) "nobody knows what for." The account of the Naryschkine family is amusingly cynical. But perhaps the best anecdote is of John Koutaissoff, a Circassian slave ennobled by Paul.

After the campaign of Italy, in the year 1799, when Souvaroff returned to St. Petersburg, Paul did not display much feeling of propriety in sending Koutaissoff to compliment the illustrious general upon his safe arrival. The witty and sharp warrior said to him, "Excuse, my dear Count, an old man whose memory slackens, I can recollect nothing about the origin of your illustrious family, or perhaps you got your title of Count for some grand victory?" "I never was a soldier, Prince," replied the ex-valet. "O, then, you have no doubt been an ambassador?" "No!" "Minister?" "Neither." "What important post, then, did you occupy?" "I had the honour to serve his Majesty in the capacity of butler." "Well, that is very honourable, my dear Count." In this instant, [sic in the translation] he rang the bell for his own butler, and addressed him in the following strain:—"I say, Troshchka, I have told you repeatedly every day that you must give up drinking and thieving, and you don't listen to me. Now look at that gentleman, he has been a butler, like yourself, but being neither a drunkard nor a thief, you see him now a great equerry-in-waiting to his Majesty, a knight of all the Russian orders, and Count of the Empire! You must follow his example."

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER.*

OF most novels written and published to supply the market, the less said the better; and we wish the decencies of journalism would permit us to check them off successively with a short common form, declaring their uselessness and insipidity. But there are a few novels published every season, which, if not of permanent merit, are quite up to the level of most books that call for a review. To this class belong the tales written by the lady who publishes under the name of Holme Lee. There is nothing very great or original about them; but there is as much honest work, thought, and good writing in them as in a fairly good biography or book of travels. They are what the ordinary young-lady novels aim to be. They have body and substance, and are written in careful and good English. They have a value like that of the sketches of a recommendable drawing-master. These sketches are not like the sketches of a great painter, but they are sketches, while the copies done by the pupils are only imitative daubs. *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*, if not otherwise very noticeable, is at least remarkable as a tolerably finished type of a lady's novel. The writer has studied the customary models in the works of Miss Bronte and Miss Yonge. She takes us into the customary sphere of descriptions of scenery, analyses of character, and prolonged chronicles of family life. She hovers, as is so customary with these lady-novelists, on the brink of naughty passions. The consequences of a married woman's error fill the first half of the work, and the progress and results of a married man's flirtations fill the second half. Still an inner virtue is preserved, and everybody gets better as the end of the tale draws near. To all this we are accustomed. Holme Lee does not give us anything new; but what she does give us is so much better than the product of bunglers in the trade, that, comparatively, it may be called good.

Holme Lee devotes all her energies to work successfully the two great modern inventions of novel-writing—the description of wild scenery, and the development of the character of women, or of female men. Good grass-land, and the inner life of male men, are as yet unappropriated by story-tellers. For scenery-painting, Holme Lee looks to Miss Bronte as her model, and she gets on very well. She really does describe. Most of her rivals merely pour out a volume of words, calculated, as they hope, by their sonorousness, number, or oddity, to raise a sensation corresponding in duration with that gush of feeling which the spectacle of a fine landscape easily awakens in the mind of any one who has some fancy and is in practice. But Holme Lee really describes. She has looked at the thing, and having observed it carefully, chooses the best words she can to convey the impression to others. Take, for instance, this sentence—"As they advanced, the woods ceased altogether; the seared ling lay, wave beyond wave, on either hand, with here and there a patch of yellow furze rising out of the dusk expanse, or a huge boulder of rock lifting its grey crest, crowned with the glossy green of bilberry-bushes." There is nothing very wonderful in this; but it is at least something more than mere blotches of spasmodic enthusiasm—it is a sketch. Holme Lee's descriptions are, however, tainted with some of the ordinary faults of word-painters; more especially, they are not unfrequently disfigured by those excessively strong touches which we acknowledge Miss Bronte freely used, but which are not carried off unless by the presence of genius. For instance, Holme Lee tells us that "a cool beck raved in the fields"—an expression possibly applicable to the Atlantic in a storm. She also occasionally yields to the temptations of an artificial sentimentalism. In a description, otherwise good, of a day in May, we are told that "vaporious clouds, scattered apart, and hanging in mid air, marked where were clustered many household fires, *cares of men dimming God's morning*." This is a mere trick of language. Why is the morning more God's than the smoke? God makes smoke ascend the chimney when a fire is lit, exactly as much as He makes dew-drops fall from the trees. No one would naturally think that the smoke of a cottage dimmed God's morning. Holme Lee uses the expression not because she would ever herself have felt the thought expressed, but because she has caught the language of writers who have suggested to her that there is something morally wicked in a cottage, and something morally good in a wet fir-wood. Of course, if the smoke was necessarily or naturally associated with the sins or miseries of man, the contrast, though not the language, might be pardonable; but a healthy mind, contemplating the smoke curling up from a cottage on a May morning, would be inclined, if it thought of the cottagers at all, to dwell, not on the possibility that they were unhappy, but on the probability that they were going to have their breakfast.

The character to be developed in *Sylvan Holt's Daughter* is that of a wild, uneducated, generous girl, who, marrying a man used up with an earlier love, is at first properly jealous of his continued flirtation—then unreasonably harsh to him—at last sublimely forgiving. The conception may or may not be good. It can hardly be judged of apart from the execution; and the task is too much for Holme Lee. She is not up to jealousy—a passion at once too overpowering and too delicate to be handled by anything short of genius. The girl in her untried state is well drawn—a little too close to the *Shirley* of Miss

* *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*. By Holme Lee. London: Smith and Elder. 1858.

Bronte, yet fresh and telling. But there is no coherence in the mental states through which she passes after her marriage, except that furnished by the sequence of external events. We get at last into a mere family register, and the development of characters seems given up as a bad job. Nor would it be easy to find a novel where the plot so thoroughly and utterly degenerates into a protracted narrative, merely bound together by the fact that the personages of the story are connected in blood. When we start at the beginning of the first volume, the heroine is eighteen; when we close the third volume, her son is eighteen. This substitution of a family record for a plot is one of the most dreadful bores invented by lady-novelists. The development of character, the jealousy, the husband's naughtiness, the wife's goodness, are all over eighteen years before the story ends. In old stories, marriage ended everything. But what is married happiness without children? So novelists got to throw in a child or two, as the writers of pious prize poems used to throw in the return of the Jews as a religious ending. This was cakes and ale to the ladies; and now we have not only a sketch of the children up to eighteen, but we have a horrid dash of candle sprinkled over the story. We never knew any offender come up to Holme Lee in this respect. The heroine is married in the middle of the book, and the course of events is hinted at, chapter after chapter, with progressive significance until at last Mrs. Gamp is sent for. Stories of family life will be unendurable if they are to go into details like these. The development of character may demand that the heroine should be a mother as well as a wife; but we may fairly ask not to be plunged into the analysis until the baby has been weaned.

Every one who reads these volumes must notice the great difference of merit between the beginning and the end of the story. The first volume is good—quite beyond the range of the common authoresses of fiction. But the third is poverty itself. Probably the hopelessness of the plot, or substitute for a plot, has gradually crippled the writer's powers. But this is not all; for the scenery, over which the writer at first takes great pains, fades away as we go on. It is evident that much less labour has been expended on the third volume than on the first. Holme Lee is a writer who has everything to gain by care, reflection, and industry. How genius works it is hard to say; but writers who have not genius, but who yet have some power of writing, are sure to succeed in proportion as they work. They will reap as they sow. If they have thought, and formed their thoughts into shape, the product will be good; if they have not, the product will be bad. *Sylvan Holt's Daughter* is well worth studying by aspirants to romance-writing success, both where it is good and where it is bad. Where it is good, they will see the same thing they might write hastily and crudely worked to a high and careful polish. Where it is bad, they will see that success is not a matter of chance, nor a matter of natural gifts only, but also of hard work. If they have come to the end of their patience, or their accumulated matter, or their interest in their work, they must be content to make the story shorter. Rather than get slovenly and twaddling, they had better leave out the babies altogether, and have two volumes instead of three.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Public is respectfully informed that the Tragedy of MACBETH can only be represented for a LIMITED NUMBER OF NIGHTS.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—BURNS' CENTENARY.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25th next, being the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of the POET BURNS, the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company give notice that it is their intention to hold in the Palace on that day a Festival in celebration of the event, on a scale worthy of so interesting an occasion.

Full particulars will be duly announced, but in the mean time the Directors will be glad to receive communications from any persons who may possess memorials or relics of the Poet, and of those connected with him, such as busts, portraits, autographs, and who may be willing to contribute the loan of them for the Festival.

By Order,
GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, November 9th, 1858.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—BURNS' CENTENARY.

JANUARY 25th, 1859.—The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, desirous of doing full honour to the memory of the National Poet whose birth will be celebrated on the above day, have determined to give a PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS for the BEST POEM which shall be composed for the occasion, in accordance with the conditions subjoined. The Poem will be first made public on the day of the Anniversary, and its recitation will form a part of the proceedings of the intended Festival.

The Poems sent in in competition for the above Premium will be submitted to three gentlemen of high standing in literature, entirely unconnected with the Crystal Palace, whose judgment will be final.

The names of these gentlemen will be shortly made public.

CONDITIONS.

The Poem to be the composition of the person sending it in, and written expressly for the occasion.

It must be in English, that is to say, not in the Scottish dialect, though this is not to prohibit the occasional introduction of Scottish phrases.

It is not to be less than 100 or more than 200 lines in length: of any metre or form which may seem fit to the writer.

The Poems are not to bear the signatures of the Authors, but each is to be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name, and having on the outside thereof two mottoes. The envelope containing the name of the Author of the successful Poem will be opened for the first time immediately before the public recitation, when the name will be announced.

The envelopes containing the unsuccessful names will be destroyed.

The unsuccessful Poems will be returned on application.

The Premium will be paid immediately after the recitation of the Poem.

All cost of publication to be borne by the Crystal Palace Company, whose property the Copyright will remain.

The Poems are to be addressed to the Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, Sydenham, S.E.

No Poem will be received after the 1st January, 1859.

Printed Copies of the above conditions may be had on application.

By Order,
GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, November 9th, 1858.

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1 Mustard Spoon, do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs, do.	0 3 4	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers, do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife, do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
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It will burn in some of the Lamps used for Paraffine Oil, and even in some of the old Camphine and Vesta Lamps; but the Lamps recommended especially for it are those manufactured by Messrs. Tyrion and Sons as above, each of which has a brass label, with the words "Patent Belmontine Oil, Price's Patent Candle Company (Limited)." The Oil and Lamps can be had retail of all Oil and Lamp-dealers, and the Oil wholesale of Price's Patent Candle Company (Limited), Belmont, Vauxhall, London, S.

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PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

THE LONDON DIOCESAN PENITENTIARY.—The Council solicit further AID to the amount of 300l. at least, in order to meet the urgent wants of the S. MARY MAGDALENE PENITENTIARY, Highgate, during the winter months. The Penitents are carefully educated and employed in laundry, needle, and general domestic work, such as to fit them for service or any ordinary position in life. Special alms are asked for during the approaching penitential season of Advent. All Donations and Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, R. TWITING, Esq., 215, Strand; by the Rev. GEORGE NUGER, Hon. Clerical Secretary, at S. Paul's Mission College, Dean-street, Soho; by the Rev. J. OLIVER, Warden of S. Mary Magdalene's, Highgate; and by A. TREVOR CHESLIN, Esq., at the Office, 70, Pall-mall.

BANK OF DEPOSIT.—ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844. 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.

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THE PALACE OF THE PEOPLE, MUSWELL HILL.
 PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham is highly prized by all classes of the community as affording, on a grand scale, the means of Intellectual Improvement and Physical Recreation. It is, moreover, the embodiment of an idea, which admits of great expansion, in the direction which now so largely occupies the public mind—viz., Popular Education.

Enormous sums of money have been spent in providing railway accommodation for visitors, but the time and expense of reaching Sydenham from many parts of the Metropolis and its suburbs operate as great drawbacks to numbers; and in the case of large masses of the people, amount almost to a prohibition.

The immense and growing population on the left side of the Thames is entitled to a Palace of its own. In this district are situated the Termini of the London and North-Western, the Great Western, the Great Northern, the North London, the Eastern Counties, and the Blackwall Railways; and a glance at the Post-Office Directory Map will show that the population on this side is nearly threefold as great as that on the right bank of the river.

A site has been selected for the erection of the "Palace of the People," at Muswell Hill, near Hornsey, Middlesex, which possesses unrivalled advantages for this purpose. It commands extensive and beautiful views in all directions, over the counties of Hertford, Middlesex, Essex, Kent, and Surrey; including, amongst other points of interest, Epping Forest, the Heights of Chigwell, the Shipping on the Thames, Shooter's Hill, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the new Houses of Parliament, and Highgate and Hampstead Churches. The ground is undulating and well timbered, with abundant springs of water; and the situation is considered remarkably healthy.

The advantages of this site for building purposes were so obvious, as to induce the Great Northern Railway Company to open a Station on the property itself, and the journey from London will be performed in fifteen minutes. A short branch is also projected from the Eastern Counties Railway, which will place it in direct communication by railway with Shoreditch, Fenchurch-street, and Blackwall.

The "Palace of the People" will form the centre of a densely populated district, including Hornsey, Muswell Hill, Colney Hatch, Highgate, Kentish Town, Hampstead, Hendon, Finchley, Tottenham, Barnet, East Barnet, Southgate, Edmonton, Enfield, Stoke Newington, Tottenham, Clapton, Homerton, Hackney, Kingsland, Finsbury, Islington, Highbury, Holloway, Camden Town, Hyde Park, the Regent's Park, Maid's Hill, St. John's Wood, Finsbury, and Finsbury Park.

From all these places it will be within either an easy walk or an hour's drive, without going through London.

Passengers by Railway from all the Eastern, Western, Midland, and Northern Counties of England, and from the whole of Scotland and Wales, will reach the Palace without traversing the streets of London, within one hour after alighting at the Metropolitan Railway Terminus; and all those who arrive by the Great Northern Railway will be set down at the doors.

The "Palace of the People" is established in no spirit of rivalry to its predecessor, but with the view of affording to so extensive a range of customers similar advantages to those now enjoyed by the inhabitants of the southern bank of the river; and its Founders believe that a fair competition in the service of the public can only prove in the end mutually beneficial to both undertakings.

Whilst presenting the most varied amusements within the building and in the grounds, the Palace of the People will occupy a field of its own, for which there is a great demand on the part of the public.

Systematic instruction in several of the most important and popular Branches of Education, will be conveyed through the eye, in a form and upon a scale which can be accomplished only in an Institution of such magnitude; and in the attainment of this end, recourse will be had to the assistance and advice of the most eminent men in the country.

Amongst the most important subjects will be included—

1. ENGLISH HISTORY—Illustrated in chronological order by pictures, statues, armour, implements of trade and husbandry, costumes, and models of the architecture of the different ages.
2. GEOGRAPHY—Exhibited on large maps and raised plans, accompanied by specimens of the productions, costume, and habits of living, of all nations; together with models of some of the most remarkable buildings of each country.
3. ASTRONOMY—With its brilliant and striking phenomena, illustrated by means of large and powerful apparatus.
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A Bazaar will be fitted up, with every convenience for the sale of useful and ornamental goods.

The Musical arrangements, and the Refreshment Department, will be on the most liberal scale.

The Grounds around the site of the Palace are naturally so picturesque as to admit of easy adaptation to park scenery and ornamental gardening, and ample accommodation will be provided for Archery, Cricket, Tennis, Equestrian Exercise, and other amusements.

HORTICULTURE will be taught practically in a nursery ground attached to the ornamental garden.

A portion of the land will be reserved for the erection of MODEL FARM BUILDINGS and MODEL COTTAGES, and for the exhibition of AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY in full work.

It has been ascertained that the whole of these objects can be accomplished for less than one-half of the cost of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; and a powerful Company, with limited liability, is being formed for the purpose of carrying out the undertaking.

The Estate at Muswell Hill, comprising more than 450 acres of land, has been secured on moderate terms. After reserving all the land required for the Palace and Grounds, 300 acres will remain in the hands of the Company for re-sale as building land, which will acquire a greatly increased value on the completion of the Palace; and it is proposed to divide the proceeds of this surplus land annually among the Shareholders, by way of bonus, in addition to ordinary dividends; and also to give certain advantages to original Shareholders, in the form of free admission to the Palace and Grounds.

Full particulars respecting the organization of the Company, and the terms of subscription, will shortly be announced.

It is confidently expected that an Institution of so comprehensive and useful a nature, and accessible to so large a portion of the population of the United Kingdom, cannot fail to enlist the support of all those who are friendly to the cause of national education and the healthful recreation of the people.

Communications are respectfully invited from parties willing to co-operate in the undertaking, addressed to

Messrs. HUGHES, KEARSEY MASTERMAN, and HUGHES, Solicitors.
 2nd, November, 1858. 17, Bucklersbury, London.

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